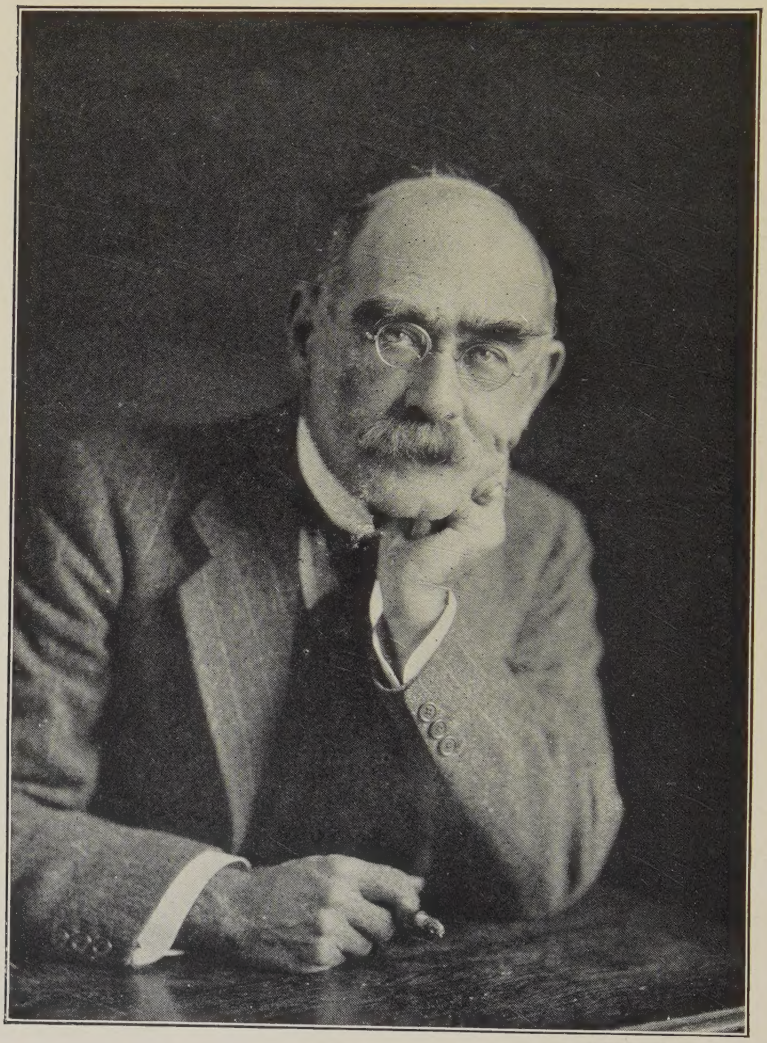
AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING



© *Elliott & Fry, Ltd.*

Rudyard Kipling

THE MANDALAY EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING

AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

"Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion
when he is brought face to face
with a revered writer!"

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1926

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE
& COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE
COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Around the World With Kipling	3
Kipling at Home . . . . . *By Irvin S. Cobb*	13
Rudyard Kipling—A Biographical Sketch . . *By Anice Page Cooper*	19
Rudyard Kipling's Place in Literature . . . *By Richard Le Gallienne*	45
Rudyard Kipling . . . . . *William Lyon Phelps*	55
Rudyard Kipling as a Frenchman Sees Him . . *By André Chevrillon*	61
The Kipling Index	79

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Rudyard Kipling . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

A schooner off the Grand Banks, the scene of "Captains Courageous" 10

Simla, India's summer capital, where many of Kipling's stories are laid 26

Bateman's, Kipling's home in Sussex 34

Facsimile of the autographed title page of "The Two Jungle Books" 66

Map indicating some of the places you visit in a trip around the world with Kipling 78

AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

WHEN I was a little boy, I learned, like all the other little boys I knew, out of a great big clumsy book, a lot of great big clumsy facts about geography. I have forgotten every one of them. What I know about the Mississippi I learned from Mark Twain. What I know about the West I learned from Bret Harte. What I know about Russia I learned from Tolstoy. What I know about Malaya I learned from Joseph Conrad and Sir Hugh Clifford. What I know about Patagonia I learned from W. H. Hudson. What I know about India I learned from Kipling. And these things I shall not forget.

When Robert Burns wrote his little songs about the Scotch countryside—"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon" and "Ye banks and braes around the castle o' Montgomery"—the people who had always lived among them looked at them again with eyes made clear by the fine lens of a poet's imagination and said they had never realized before how beautiful Scotland was. If Kipling has not made India beautiful (and that, we believe, would be beyond the power of any man) he has made it enchanting and vivid—so vivid that India is to thousands of people who have never been near it as real a place as their own home town, be it Oshkosh or Kalamazoo, London or New York.

Who can forget Simla—"Allah what a city!"—and "the lower Simla bazaar—the crowded rabbit warren

that climbs up from the valley into the town hall at an angle of forty-five" where "a man who knows his way . . . can defy all the police of India's summer capital; so cunningly does veranda communicate with veranda, alley-way with alley-way, and bolt-hole with bolt-hole." Who can forget Lucknow than whom "there is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish style," a city, to paraphrase Mr. Kipling, that kings have adorned with fantastic buildings, endowed with charities, crammed with pensioners, and drenched with blood? Who can forget the Grand Trunk road, fifteen hundred miles long, "such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." Who can forget Madras, "brooding on ancient fame," who Calcutta, whom "kings adventured life to hold," and who Lahore, the City of Dreadful Night, with her dense wet heat, her lepers, her fretful children, her evil odours, her yelling jackals, her lean dogs, and her naked inhabitants lying like corpses under the sickly warm moon?

Mr. Kipling's creatures are as alive as the setting against which he has placed them, whether native like Ameera of *Without Benefit of Clergy* and Lispeth, or white like Strickland Sahib and Mrs. Hauksbee and the incomparable three at whose head Mulvaney stands, or animal like Kaa, the snake, Baloo, the bear, Bagheera, the black panther, and Akela, the gray wolf.

It is not only for India that Kipling has performed this more than yeoman service. See and hear from *The Light That Failed* this picture of the Nile during the Soudan campaign. A group of British soldiers are seated on the edge of the river, and one of them, who is patching his riding breeches with a piece of sugar sack,

has just said, "I wonder when I shall see a decent shop again."—"There was no answer, save the incessant angry murmur of the Nile as it raced around a basalt-walled bend and foamed across a rock-ridge half a mile up-stream. It was as though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own country. The indescribable scent of Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whale-boats to overpass. The desert ran almost to the banks, where, among grey, red, and black hillocks, a camel-corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch of the slow-moving boats; there had been no fighting for weeks past and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed rapid, rock rock, and island-group island-group, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what. . . . There were columns of British troops in the desert. . . . The duty of that particular river-column was to keep the whale-boats afloat in the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gangs 'tracked' the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as was possible, and, above all, to press on without delay in the teeth of the churning Nile."

So widespread have Mr. Kipling's travels been, so deep his understanding of the various peoples who inhabit the earth, that it is quite true to say that if you follow him about (in his books) you will see the world. You can linger in Vermont, which was once his home, you can loiter along the Grand Banks where the "Cap-

tains Courageous" sailed, and you can spend long days in Yokohama, Hong-Kong, San Francisco, Quebec, Montreal, Kabul, Canton, Bangkok, Brisbane, Singapore, Rangoon, and Mandalay. As for rivers, you can have your choice of the St. Lawrence, the Ganges, the Columbia, the Sacramento, or the Thames. All in the same day you may arrive in Kiota with cherry blossoms drifting through the sunlit streets and sail down the St. Lawrence with red maples burning along its banks, you may brood in the white silence of a New England winter and rush at once to the "tumbled beauty of the primeval world" which is the Grand Canyon, and from there swing to the far north where the cold grey water washes the Island of St. Paul in the Behring Sea.

But for all his wide sweep, Kipling is not impartial. Quite frankly, he loves England best, and even in England, he has his favourite spot.

"God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!"

It is Sussex that he loves best; it is in Sussex that he is most at home. "To know the real Kipling," says a friend of his, whose charming story it is our privilege to quote, "you must see him there, though he dominates everywhere."

"Judging from his pictures," continues his friend, "you would think him a big, powerful person with a deep bass voice. His heavy thatch-like eyebrows, his black moustache, and his big impressive head give a suggestion of size and massiveness. You get this same feeling from reading his books; it would seem that he is a big man.

"He isn't.

"He is rather short—a good deal below the average, I should say. His figure is slight, though sturdy enough. His voice is high and pleasant, but thoroughly masculine. Though short and slight and soft-voiced, this personality is so dominant that you are aware of it instantly, even when he is one of a large company.

"I met him first in a home in New York where perhaps twenty-five people—a rather distinguished company of writers, artists, and public men and women—had gathered to meet him. Being a member of the family who gave this little party, I entered the room unannounced, and so had time to look around and find the great man for myself. I could not find him for a moment or two; he was physically obscured by men and women of larger size. Once found, it seemed to me that he was the most dominant personage there.

"Later, I saw him in his own home in Sussex, where he lives in a beautiful old house at the foot of a hill that looks across a valley and a rushing brook to a hillside meadow and woods of beech, oak, and pine.

"Coming to the house the first time, I looked up at its front, and there, over its low Tudor doorway carved in stone, was the date, 1634.

"'My! This is an old house,' said I.

"'Oh! This is the new part,' said Mr. Kipling.

'The old part is really old; how far back it dates, I don't know.'

"The house is built of stone that is softened and mellowed by time. Yellow roses climb over the rugged surface, and one year I saw them in bloom in early December.

"You remember that story in *Puck of Pook's Hill* about the making of guns for the ships. That iron came from the region near Bateman's, Kipling's house. In the old days, iron was mined in that vicinity and was dragged along the narrow lane that runs by the author's house, so that the surface of it is worn far below the level of the fields on either side.

"The house itself was built by an ironmaster.

"All this I got from Kipling himself, who talks as vividly and unforgettably as he writes.

"It is a great privilege to sit in his study and talk with him. Talk with him, yes, for he is not a monologist. His talk is of the give-and-take variety, and the subjects are as wide as the world.

"One day, the talk ran from motor cars (he is greatly interested in things mechanical), to American politics (he is a close student of our political affairs), to the social democracy of the honeybee (he is something of a naturalist), to the unalterable persistence of English habit and custom (his story, 'An Inhabitation Enforced,' reveals his understanding of his own countrymen), and so on through a varied list of subjects. His talk was shot through with humorous, sometimes satirical turns, illuminated at times with phrases of sheer poetry, pounded home occasionally with hammer blows of powerful English of almost Elizabethan frankness.

"From the window of his study may be had a glimpse

of the swiftly running brook that flows at the foot of his garden. Along the bank runs a footpath that has been trodden by the feet of the English for hundreds of years. Though crossing the Kipling property, it is the inalienable right of the people to use it. And use it they do; not because it is convenient, but because it is their right.

"From the brook, Roman coins and Roman glass have been dredged, and, it may be, Romans used the same path.

"You remember in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the old mill. That mill is on the Kipling place, and the brook that still turns it is the one I have just mentioned.

"Kipling says the stream is 'an incorrigible robber'; its swift current gnaws at the banks and carries the rich soil to the sea.

"He says that the old mill is mentioned in that extraordinary record, the 'Doomsday Book.' You remember that William the Conqueror commanded that a list should be made of every building and landmark in England. So you can read about Kipling's mill in William's record to-day.

"The whole country around Bateman's is to be found in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.* Puck's hill indeed is just above the Kipling house. Even the chalk downs near the channel where Dan and Una had that marvellous experience with the flint men are not far away.

"I used to wonder how it was that Kipling had been able to write so as to appeal to every sort and condition of man and woman, but after I met him and talked with him I understood. It is because he is interested in everything. You notice this universality in talking to him and you find it in his books.

"Last time I saw him he talked eloquently of the writings of James Fenimore Cooper, and especially of his sea tales. And he picked a volume from a nearby shelf and unhesitatingly turned to the page that pointed his argument. He can always quote chapter and verse.

"I like to think of him sitting in that beautiful study, before a table like a drawing board, sometimes pounding out a letter on a portable typewriter—'I had to get the better of the damned thing,' said he—or else writing with that fine close script of his on paper of a bluish tinge, the writing running a little uphill, and the line of manuscript pointing a little to the right.

"Or else I picture him sitting before the wood fire, talking; a pipe in his hand, with which he punctuates the salient points of his pungent speech, now and then jumping up to lay hands on a book for a pat quotation.

"Here is a man whose presence works magic spells in his visitor's mind as his written words paint unforgettable pictures in his reader's mind.

"This is the Kipling whose verses are cabled across the world for simultaneous publication; the man whose stories magazine editors fight for and pay fabulous prices to print. Yet, in 1889, when he first reached American soil in San Francisco, his first contribution on the American mind and manner failed to find a market, though it was offered for $10 for a column and a half in a newspaper. Happily, all this is changed to-day, for as soon as Americans had a chance to read him in magazines and books, they became his devoted admirers, and to-day more of his books are sold in America than in any other country on the globe, and appreciation of him is growing every year."

A schooner off the Grand Banks, the scene of "Captains Courageous"

KIPLING AT HOME

KIPLING AT HOME*

BY IRVIN S. COBB

I HAD always felt that I would rather meet Rudyard Kipling than any other man in letters, and I was delighted when the invitation came. And I must say I was a little surprised, too. If he had been living in London it would have been different. But when a literary man in England achieves a certain point of greatness, he goes away from the haunts of his kind, he becomes a sort of Aryan myth, he fades into the ether, he's like the nebulæ—you know he's there, but you can't quite distinguish him. The inspiration of it is to escape from bother. So I was relieved and a little surprised, as I say, to get the feeling of tangibility about Kipling that the invitation brought.

We went down by train to Robertsbridge on a perfect day in late October. It was all new to me, that glorious country, and it seemed a concentration of all the stage effects I had seen in plays of English country life. The trees looked as if they had just received their finishing touches from Maxfield Parrish, and the grass—well, I'm a good Kentuckian, you know, and all that, but that English grass looked the way I think the blue grass would look if they took the blue grass in every night and washed it and combed and brushed it and put it back in the morning.

*By permission of the author and of Geo. H. Doran Co.

At Robertsbridge—by the way, that village is just what you'd expect it to be, typical, absolutely typical, with a sign of the Blue Boar or something or other and tenantry and the rest of it—I had another shock of delight. I saw Giles. I had always yearned for a sight of him, and there he was. He wore a smock and gaiters and a fringe of whiskers under his chin and he carried a staff. I almost slapped him on the back and called him "gaffer." He was an old friend of mine, though he'll never know it.

We took the local auto at Robertsbridge—there's only one in the place—and it got us out to Bateman's Burwash in good time, though it made a noise like a patent churn gone drunk, as Kipling said. We arrived a little ahead of time, and both Mr. and Mrs. Kipling were out, but had left word that they would soon return, so we took a stroll in the garden.

We had not gone far from the house when we heard a shout and saw a man jump over a hedge and run toward us. You can imagine how surprised I was to recognize Rudyard Kipling and still more surprised at his very cordial greeting. You see, I had heard, as I presume many other Americans have heard, that he was a crab —and especially to Americans. But I imagine they are the kind of travelling Americans who recognize him in a railway train and rush up to him and say, "Oh, it's Mr. Kipling, isn't it? I've read your stuff and I like it and I'm so glad to meet you!"

What's he like? Well, to me he appeared, at first flush, a combination of Theodore Roosevelt, William Travers Jerome, and Bob Davis. He has a big jaw and he wears shiny glasses and shows his teeth like T. R., and he's a short man and blocky, with a big

strong hand. He has that quick felinity of movement that is the most notable outward characteristic of Jerome, and a rapid thrust and parry in conversation and a very definite, impressive way of forming and stating a conviction.

It didn't take me two minutes in that walk through the garden, up to the house, to find out that in spite of his great work, and his experience, he feels a tremendous enthusiasm about everything that is worth while. He's not a bit blasé, he isn't Englishy English—that is, not in an unpleasant sense—but is a cosmopolitan in the real meaning of the word. And the little details of life in general and in nature attract him surprisingly.

RUDYARD KIPLING—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

RUDYARD KIPLING—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY ANICE PAGE COOPER

Fringed Palms and Fireflies

RUDYARD KIPLING'S story really begins in a little Wesleyan parsonage several years before he first opened his eyes on the world in Bombay amid the fringed palms and parrots and fireflies of that Asiatic port. In this Wesleyan parsonage, or rather a succession of modest little parsonages—for Methodist ministers were required to move to a new church every three years—lived four daughters of the Reverend George B. Macdonald—Georgiana, Agnes, Alice, and Louise, quiet, attractive girls, whose romances were to bring them, not only fame and social distinction, but an enviable part in the history of nineteenth-century England. Georgiana married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, then a poor but sweet-tempered young painter with thirty pounds to his credit on his wedding day. His young wife brought with her a small deal table with a drawer that held her wood-engraving tools, and three days before the wedding, a print dealer sent a check of twenty-five pounds for a pen-and-ink drawing. With these riches the oldest sister and her young husband set happily out upon the road to fame. When Agnes married Edward Poynter, the impecunious artist son of an architect, his prospects were no brighter than those of Burne-Jones had been. The family did not foresee

that his scholarly pictures would bring him recognition as one of the greatest English artists of his time, the presidency of the Royal Academy and a baronetcy. Louise, the youngest daughter, was the only one who made what would be termed a "good marriage" in a worldly sense. She was at work on the wood cuts for Morris's *The Earthly Paradise* when her engagement was announced to Alfred Baldwin, the wealthy iron-master. Both her son, Stanley Baldwin who became Prime Minister of Great Britain, and her grandson who is a socialist, are said to believe that there are many more important things in life than guineas.

At a picnic on the shore of a pretty little lake near the village of Rudyard, Alice Macdonald, the wittiest and most talented of the four sisters, met young John Lockwood Kipling, a modeller and designer of terra cotta in the Burslem Potteries. It was love at first sight. An engagement followed and John set to work earnestly in the art schools of Kensington. When he received an appointment as director of the art school at Bombay, he married Alice, and the two, not at all disquieted by the misgivings of their families, set out on a brave adventure toward the Orient.

In Bombay, on December 30, 1865, Rudyard Kipling was born. There is a pretty story to the effect that Lady Burne-Jones suggested the baby should be named Rudyard in memory of Lake Rudyard and that summer day on which Alice and John Kipling first met each other. It is a charming reason for the name, but Kipling himself has repudiated the story, much to the regret of a local society which proposed to develop the lake as a holiday resort for Kipling pilgrims.

Like all Anglo-Indian children, the boy learned the

language of the bazaar from his "dear, dark foster-mothers," the *ayahs*, with their classic bronze features, bejewelled nostrils, and dark velvet eyes. He lisped tales about Shiv and Hari and Shere Khan, the man-eating tiger, before he could speak proper English. He lived much of the time with the servants, stately white-robed Hindus and Mussulmans, and grew to know the bazaars, the avenues, the shrines of calm-eyed Buddha, and the elephant-trunked Ganesh with garlands of marigolds around his neck. Feast days and processions, the glowing fruit market, the beach at sunset where the Parsees "standing in the scarlet waters, bow down before their God," all these were for six years the daily background of the boy.

"*Westward Ho!*"

As is the custom with the English in the East who send their children home at an early age to remove them from the enervating climate of the Orient, young Rudyard's father sent him to England at the age of six. It is a long journey on the great P. &. O. steamer, a voyage which the poet recalled later in the nursery rhyme:

"When the cabin port-holes are dark and green
Because of the seas outside;
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
And the trunks begin to slide;

"When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,

And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
Why then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
You're 'Fifty north and Forty west!'"

England was cold and gloomy after the warm, bright, gaily littered streets of Bombay, and Portsmouth, where the boy lived with the wife of a retired naval officer, who boarded children from overseas, was gloomiest and dreariest of all. How the boy suffered during those five years of rigid Puritan régime one sees in "Wee Willie Winkie," "So little love and so much Bible." As a man, he could not obliterate the oppressive memory of those lonesome days, but he brought out of them a familiarity with the Bible which was to influence incalculably the vocabulary and rhythm of his poetry.

When he was eleven years old, Rudyard accompanied his father to Paris to visit the exposition. The journey was one of the chief delights of his boyhood and served to strengthen the deep affection that always existed between the artist at work on his casts of mythological sculpture in the far-away rock temples of India, and his son, an English schoolboy, so many leagues from home. On his return to England, Kipling was placed in the United Service College, "Westward Ho" in north Devon, a famous public school intended chiefly for the sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers. Here he spent five happy, busy years, with his "two hundred brothers," most of whom were like himself children of the Empire, whose fathers were serving England in farthest corners of the Orient. In "School Song" Kipling pays a ringing tribute to the masters who taught him the ethics and the groundwork of faith in England's

mission which was to become the predominant note of his poetry:

"'Let us now praise famous men'—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing!

"This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work,
And without excuses.

"Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden;
Set to serve the lands they rule,
(Save he serve no man may rule),
Serve and love the lands they rule,
Seeking praise nor guerdon."

And in *Stalky & Co.* one learns something of the lighter side of the wholesome, healthy, vigorously disciplined organization in which the firm of three members carried on such an enterprising career. Kipling was "Beetle" of the story, G. C. Beresford, "McTurk," and Lionel C. Dunsterville, "Stalky." A half-century later the exploits of that schoolboy company are still a delightful memory to the partners, all of whom have since written their names on England's Book of Fame.

"McTurk" was one of the first patrons of the little paint shop in Chelsea, now the Chenil Galleries, which Orpen, Trevor Haddon, and Augustus John started years ago, and encourages the struggling young painters who had scarcely a penny among them by buying the pictures which now form the nucleus of an enviable collection of Orpens and Johns.

But to return to "Westward Ho" and the editor of the *U. S. C. Chronicle*, for such was the title that Kipling acquired during his last two years in school.

In his seventeenth year, when his school life at the United Service College came to an end, young Kipling was given his choice: the university or India which had possessed his imagination since he left it, a lonesome and homesick little boy, ten years before. He chose India.

A Poet Sub-Edits

In September, 1882, at the age when impressions are etched with vivid distinctness upon the memory, Kipling sailed down the Thames, past wharves and factories and dockyards and ghostly steamers from all nations, dimly outlined in the cold white fog, out across the Atlantic that each day grew a deeper blue until he sighted the cliff of Gibraltar. He crossed the Mediterranean, sailed through the Red Sea into the radiant eastern ocean with its dazzling white beaches, its burning dawns and magic velvet nights. In the harbour of Bombay the smell of the East greeted him, that "smell of all Asia" of which Kipling exclaimed in *Letters of Travel:* "He who has not smelt that smell has never lived." It is the scent of "very clean new wood; split bamboo, wood smoke, damp earth, and the things that people who are not white people eat," it comes down the

streets, saying "this is the East where nothing matters, and trifles as old as the Tower of Babel matter less than nothing." And everywhere is the splendid lavish sunlight of the Orient.

John Lockwood Kipling no longer lived in Bombay. He had become Director of the Lahore Museum, and to Lahore young Kipling went to find himself a job. The proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* engaged him on the strength of a few numbers of the school journal, and the seventeen-year-old editor at once plunged into the business of getting out the daily paper. Single-handed, under the chief, he prepared daily copy for the hundred and sixty native printers in the shop. There were telegrams from abroad, fragments of articles borrowed from the leading metropolitan papers, news from East and West that must be summarized, edited, and pasted up. The temperature was for months at a time over one hundred degrees, but the paper must go to press, regardless of everything. "In my own little world," says Kipling, "the first lesson I learned was loyalty to my newspaper, and that I had to work on it in hot as in cold weather, in sickness and in health." The boy loved his profession, the smell and noise of the composing room, the wet, smudgy proofs, the copy boy waiting for them, and the telegraph news arriving from all corners of the world.

Thus at seventeen Kipling reached the status of maturity. He had an exacting and absorbing work to do and independence, for, although living with his parents, he had his own servants, his home, his dog-cart, his friends, his club, an active and interesting life of his own.

At odd moments the young editor amused himself by

writing joyous little ditties born of the life around him. Occasionally, of course, they interfered with business and had to be reluctantly shut out of his mind until the forms were closed. "The dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them)," says Kipling, "was almost better than writing them clear."

Week by week the verses were printed in the paper as fillers, serving to ease off the perpetual strife of the editor fighting for his reading matter and the manager extending his advertising space. That his versifying was sometimes a trial to the chief, Kipling could not fail to notice.

"The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling in of reading matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when I came to be an editor in charge, Providence dealt me for my subordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty Lamb-like essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

"This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take thought about these things.

Simla, India's summer capital, where many of Kipling's stories are laid

"Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as '*Ek aur chiz*'—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindu does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's."

The verses became popular. From Moulmein, Rangoon, and Mandalay came letters from men in the army, the railway, and the civil service, suggesting that they might be made into a book. It was a tempting idea. A real book was out of the question, but Rukn-Din and the office plant could be employed for a consideration, out of office time, so Kipling designed a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and tied with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and governmental officials and at first glance would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Thus for his first book Kipling was author, editor, printer, and publisher. It was not, however, his first adventure, for the year before he and the other members of the family had published *The Christmas Quartet*, a small volume of combined authorship. It sold at 2 shillings or 1 rupee 8 annas. At least, that was the selling price. His managing editor said "he could have papered Lahore with unsold copies of

the book," but the young manager of the enterprise managed to come out without any financial losses. Now the little book is one of the rarest and most valuable of Kipling firsts.

But to return to *Departmental Ditties*, as the verses in the long brown government envelope were titled. Kipling took reply postcards, printed the announcement of the book on one side, a return order blank on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore.

"There was no trade discount," he said, "no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket."

Every copy sold in a few weeks and there was soon a demand for a new edition. This time Kipling saw a real publisher's imprint on the title page.

"But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach," he says, "a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should 'take' with the English public."

Four years later Kipling decided to capture that same English public by a first-hand frontal attack. He had won such fame as India could give. Leaving the *Civil and Military Gazette* for the more important Allahabad *Pioneer*, he had travelled from the Himalayas to the ocean, living with the army on the frontier through the kindness of the Duke of Connaught, then military

commander of the Northwestern District, doing special assignments for his paper. His songs were sung from Quetta to Colombo. It was time to seek new worlds to conquer.

In 1890 he set sail for England, going eastward this time, calling at Rangoon, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong. At Yokohama he saw on the quays the seal hunters of 'Frisco and Vancouver and stored in his memory odd bits of their folk lore of the sea. Crossing the Pacific on a Canadian liner, he landed at San Francisco for a first glimpse of the Western world.

He spent a week in the semi-oriental city of the Golden Gate, exploring the Barbary Coast, strolling about the evil-smelling purlieus of Cum Cook Alley and Jackson Street, watching the Chinese pipe-bowl menders at their work. Chinatown brought him an echo of his familiar East. *Traffics and Discoveries* and *The Day's Work* bear evidence of the vivid impressions crowded into these few days.

Starting east, Kipling set out to find a publisher. With a letter of introduction in one hand and his tales of Anglo-India, of Dinah Shadd and Mrs. Hauksbee, of the Gadsbys and the Man Who Would Be King in the other, he approached one of the old American publishing houses. But his stories were rejected, and, too discouraged to try further, he set sail for England. In London there was no difficulty in finding a publisher, for his fame had preceded him. The elect among the *literati* who had read the little volume that came out of India had discovered in him a rival to Loti and were singing his praise "in a superior fire of epigrams."

"*Departmental Ditties* seemed the last delicious insolence of æsthetics: bizarrerie of the best," says Dixon

Scott. "The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley. Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne was told off to Bodley Head him. Mr. Edmund Gosse (this is perfectly true, I assure you), Mr. Gosse himself wrote almost tremblingly of 'the troubling thrill, the voluptuous and agitating sentiment' which this artist's audacious words sent through his system. The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed, if anything, more golden than *The Yellow Book*."

But the English editions of his books did not sell. The reviewers of the press ignored them, stacks of neglected volumes cluttered up the publisher's warehouses, and the young author, financially embarrassed and thoroughly disheartened, spent his time shunning his acquaintances and distinguished relatives and writing furiously in his dingy lodgings not far from the river. These dreary days were later pictured with emotional accuracy in Dick Heldar's experiences in *The Light That Failed*.

But Kipling soon broke through the obscurity of his arrival. Suddenly, with the same delight that marked his earlier acceptance by the elect, the public discovered him. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors, journalists, drapers, joiners, and engineers began to find in his work "a refuge from the drudgery of the day." His stories and vivid singing verse excited and intensified their zest for actual life. They gloried in him, and read him with a wholesale and generous affection.

America

In 1892, Kipling, in the first flush of his golden success, married an American girl, Miss Carolyn

Balestier, the sister of Wolcott Balestier (the co-author of *The Naulahka*). Returning with his bride to her home at Brattleboro, Vermont, he bought a home which he named "Naulahka." Here two of his children were born, and many of his most famous tales written for the babies in his own nursery and for fortunate children ever since. The two Jungle Books were published during these years, and *The Seven Seas*, *Captains Courageous*, *Many Inventions*, and the first of the *Just So Stories* were written, although they were not gathered into a book until later. Many of these tales were suggested by some local landmark or character with which his children were familiar.

Kipling revelled in the Vermont winters. During the big snows of 1895-96, he found good sport in helping the farm hands "plough out" and was often seen in town on a sled to which two ploughs were attached and one or often two pairs of horses. In galoshes and long-legged stockings, he wallowed in the snowdrifts until he looked more like a snow man than a human. No droll expressions or colloquialisms of the farmers escaped his notice, for he jotted them down on a bit of paper that was always in a convenient pocket.

These years were richly productive of published books and also of vivid material that he was to weave into many stories of his later works. Impressions of Philadelphia and its picturesque local history Kipling filed away in his amazing memory to use fifteen years later in *Rewards and Fairies*. The three poems and two stories in this volume, "Philadelphia," "Brother Square-toes," the tale of Pharaoh who with his inseparable fiddle came to the lilac-scented city of red brick houses and white doorsteps on the ship *Embuscade*

with Ambassador Genet, "If," "A St. Helena Lullaby," and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," the story of the great Talleyrand selling buttons on Drinker's Alley, were suggested by two interesting bits of source history.

"A little history of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia at the beginning of the last century supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales and when one got Redjacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself, even if Providence had not sent me an old map of the American Colonies of 1774, or thereabouts, which gave me all the old trails and ferries that were required," Kipling explained. "There was really no reason why one should ever have stopped."

These Philadelphia tales based upon an old map and an obscure church history illustrate remarkably well Kipling's method of work. Facts, accurate knowledge of details, truth in atmosphere and characterization are the basis of his most fantastic tales. He acquired the technical knowledge which enabled him to write of bridge builders in terms of bridge building and of railroad building in the lingo of construction gangs, of ship building and sailing and road making, each in the distinct vernacular of the trade, by the prosaic method of ploughing through numbers of technical books upon the subject about which he was writing. A pioneer book dealer of New York in the 'nineties, S. S. F. McLean, whose shop used to be across from Cooper Union, had occasion to furnish Kipling with many books while he was in Vermont.

"One day," says Mr. McLean, recalling his famous

customers, "a man came into my shop and called for the poetical works of Dr. John Donne. I had never heard of Donne; and not having the book, I offered to make a search for it and communicate with the customer if he would leave me his name and address.

"With fine penmanship he wrote on the back of a card that I handed him: 'Rudyard Kipling, Brattleboro, Vermont.' Mr. McLean promptly advertised for Doctor Donne's works and soon had several copies offered. He notified Kipling and, soon after, received a letter from him asking for information about all available books on ship building, railroad construction, tunnel-boring, surveying, labour unions, and kindred activities. On receipt of the list, Mr. Kipling bought the books and asked for more.

"I often wondered," said the book dealer, "what interest such an author as Mr. Kipling could have in that line of stuff. For a while I thought it must be a hobby, a sort of side line.

"But I hadn't long to wait, for soon such stories as 'The Bridge Builders,' 'A Walking Delegate,' 'The Ship That Found Herself,' and others of the same type began to appear in the leading magazines."

In 1897, Kipling left America to make a journey to Africa. Although he has never returned to make his home in the United States, he has left such an impress on the American consciousness that villages are named after him from Louisiana to Saskatchewan. There is a Kipling station in Saskatchewan; a Kipling in Ontario; Rudyard, Montana; Rudyard and Kipling, Michigan; Kipling, North Carolina; Rudyard, Mississippi; and Kipling, Louisiana. The Michigan Rudyard and Kipling were named by the President of the Soo Line

Railroad who treasures an autograph poem by Kipling celebrating his two new children of the north.

Africa was to Kipling something like a homecoming, for it gleamed and breathed and smelled of the Orient and was everywhere reminiscent of his own India. Port Said, "a perpetual cinematograph show of excited, uneasy travellers; the Nile Himself, golden in sunshine, wrinkled under strong breezes"; the Soudan where one white man to several thousand square miles, kept order from the edges of Abyssinia to the swamps of the Equator; Pretoria; the veldt: he felt a keen delight in listening to the babel of tongues and seeing about him the kaleidoscopic life of the East. Several of the tales in *Traffics and Discoveries* bear record of his interest in the political and economic conditions that led to the Boer War.

Returning to England, Kipling and his family settled in a quiet little Sussex village, Rottingdean-near-the-Sea. Spending most of the time out of doors, he rode three hours every morning and in the late afternoons might be seen often tramping over the Downs regardless of the weather. Here he published *The Day's Work*, *Stalky and Co.*, and a new collection of verse, *From Sea to Sea.*

Two years later, Kipling and his family returned to America for a visit. He was then at the height of his fame. There was probably no living author regarded with such spontaneous veneration by a public scattered so widely over the face of the world. The ship's news reporters who went down the bay to greet him were prepared to spread the story of his arrival over the front pages of the daily papers from New York to San Francisco. As the *Majestic*, ice-coated, labouring in rough

Bateman's, Kipling's home in Sussex

seas, neared Sandy Hook, Kipling watched three men in oilskins bobbing up and down in a cockle-shell boat. They were pilots coming aboard. When the little boat veered off, the men rested on their oars. One, looking up, saw Kipling and, taking off his oilskin hat, shouted:

"By sport of bitter weather
We're walty, strained, and scarred
From the kentledge on the kelson
To the slings upon the yard.
Six oceans had their will of us
To carry all away."

Then he added, "Hurrah for Mulvaney and the boys of Lungtungpen."

When the reporters swarmed aboard at quarantine, they found their author uncommunicative and anxious to shun publicity as much as possible. The only interview he gave them was this statement of his artist's creed:

"Every effort of art is an effort to be sincere. There is no surer guide, I am sure, than the determination to tell the truth that one feels."

The American visit was cut short by a serious illness. For weeks Kipling lay at the point of death in a New York hotel while the journals of both England and America voiced an unwonted closeness of fellowship, drawn together by their sympathy for the suffering of one whose stories and songs had become a part of the literary heritage of all English-speaking people.

In an Elizabethan Farm House

Returning to England upon his recovery, Kipling settled at Bateman's not far from the village of Burwash

in Sussex, among the meadows that once knew Puck. Here with his hazel fishing rod, his dogs, and his children, Kipling was content, paying little heed to the honours that the world would heap upon him. In 1907 he won the Nobel Prize for Literature, the highest international recognition that an author can receive. He has also been made Rector of St. Andrew University, and many colleges have conferred degrees upon him.

During the World War, to which he gave his only son, he was a moving spirit in that little band of distinguished authors who devoted themselves to the work of keeping up the courage of the families at home by reporting to them the exploits of their sons in various branches of the service. Afterward he spent several years writing a history of the Irish Guards, a labour of love in memory of his son John who had belonged to that gallant regiment. "The Years Between," a slender volume of verse published in 1919, reflects his reaction to the war and contains incidentally several of his most powerful verses. "Gethsemane," "The Sons of Martha," "Zion," and "Mary's Son" rank very high among his poems of all periods.

So, living quietly in the most ancient and richly historical corner of that England of which he is such a vivid interpreter, Kipling has become one of the most venerated figures in the literature of our day. His lines have been quoted so often that they have lost all significance of authorship. Like Shakespeare and the Bible, his phrases are a part of everyone's current speech. Legends have grown up about him and anecdotes without end have been attributed to him, some few with a foundation of fact, but many of them incorrect.

Numerous as the anecdotes are the stories of the sprightly inscriptions that Kipling has written in the books of his friends. Brander Matthews treasures one in playful mood that makes his copy of *Many Inventions* a joy to any true bibliophile. To begin with, the volume is bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the distinguished book binder, who refuses to waste his skill upon works which do not seem to him to be worthy of sumptuous attire. It is rarely that he consents to bind the books of contemporary authors, but he took pleasure in dressing *Many Inventions* in a back of blue morocco, sides of harmoniously marbled paper and vellum corners. Mr. Matthews was so delighted with the book that he asked Kipling to autograph it. Kipling wrote in reply that the blank pages in front of the text were very tempting, so he wrote in all of them. On one was a parody of Browning, on another a parody of James Whitcomb Riley in such perfect dialect that Howells was ready to accept it as the actual work of the Hoosier lyrist, and on a third the following quatrain:

> See my literary pants:
> I am bound in crushed levants.
> Brander Matthews did it, and a
> Very handsome thing of Branda.

Fortunate is the book lover who owns a Kipling autograph or a first edition, for no modern author has won higher favour with collectors. Arthur Swann, Director of the Department of Books and Prints of the American Art Association, whose knowledge of rare books and manuscripts is unsurpassed, ranks Kipling as one of the three great moderns whose work will have increasing

value for posterity. Rare Kipling firsts have within the past few years brought record prices for the works of contemporary writers, and these prices have shown a steady increase since the early 'nineties when the discerning few began to collect him in the little tan volumes that came from Allahabad. In the recent sale of George Barr McCutcheon's library of Kipling, Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Swann points out that at least half of the Kipling items set record prices. Among these were a "proof" copy of the *United Service College Chronicle*, the paper which Kipling edited in college. The editorial is by the young editor-in-chief, and the corrections are in his hand writing. This printer's proof of the school paper which he edited so earnestly thirty-five years ago was sold for $1,150.

Kipling's first real book, *School-boy Lyrics*, a brown paper-covered pamphlet, which his parents had printed for private circulation while the boy was at school in England, brought $1,300; his second, *Echoes, by Two Writers*, the little volume which he and his sister wrote and published together, was bought for $1,050. A first edition of *Departmental Ditties*, "the fat brown baby with the pink string around its stomach," which Kipling and Rukn-Din and the printers of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* set up after hours, was $150; *Plain Tales from the Hills*, a first edition, was $120, and *In Black and White*, the stories for which his father did a beautiful series of illustrations, also brought $120, while *Under the Deodars* was $35.

One of the most interesting items in Mr. McCutcheon's library, and the envy of all Kipling collectors, is Kipling's suppressed book, *The Smith Administration*. Only six copies, says Mr. Swann, are known to be in

existence. Four of these are in America; three of them in the libraries of Mr. C. T. Croker, Mr. P. A. Valentine, and Mr. J. A. Spoor. Three thousand copies were printed originally for the Indian Railway Library of A. A. Wheeler & Company, but owing to a difference of opinion as to the copyrights between Rudyard Kipling and the proprietors of the *Pioneer Press* and the *Civil and Military Gazette*, in which journals the stories first appeared, the entire edition was cancelled and destroyed with the exception of these few copies. Like Conrad's suppressed preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* it has remained one of the most intriguing of contemporary literary items. Remarkably high prices were also paid for *Captains Courageous*, which brought $480; "The Just So Stories," $320, and "Brother Square-toes," one of the Philadelphia stories in *Rewards and Fairies*, $490.

These prices, although many of them are record-breaking, are not remarkable, thinks Mr.Swann, because there has been a steady advance in the value of Kipling's works for the collector.

So the precocious youngster of the 'nineties whose stories had that peculiar property which, as Henry James said, "made us all drop so precipitately everything else to attend to him" has become one of the most powerful figures of his time, and the most virile singer of his race. In interpreting Kipling to his Latin neighbours, André Chevrillon, the French critic, thus sums up his character and his significance:

"His essential quality is energy—an energy of which one might venture to say that it partakes of the driving power of the world—a will to live that devotes him to the service of life, and this, in his appointed order and

place, in that England he serves as the leaf serves the tree from which it has received its form and law, and of which it bears in itself the essential sap. Better than any in our days, he has represented the ancient culture, faith, and idea of this England. More than any, he has feared and looked ahead for her, and when the hour of trial came he embodied her anguish and her will. Posterity, looking back and beholding the poet against the tragic background of our period, will see that his was the soul of his people.

"But in fulfilling his mission he serves still higher and more general aims. If we wish to know his deeper purpose we should read some lines at the end of one of his early books, which indefinitely enlarge its scope and meaning:

"'My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

"'If there be good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"'The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay.

"'One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.'

"This stone, accurately cut for the Temple, is Kipling's life work—and by this prayer it is dedicated."

RUDYARD KIPLING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE

RUDYARD KIPLING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE[1]

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HENRY JAMES, in an early appreciation of Rudyard Kipling's writings, which was a striking illustration of his own literary catholicity, referred to "the particular property that made us all so precipitately drop everything else to attend to him." The phrase is vividly and truthfully descriptive of the manner in which, so to say, Mr. Kipling first hit literary London; for his sudden and swift arrival was a very unmistakable jolt to the literary fashions then prevailing.

The times were decidedly "precious." We were in the midst of a rather hectic aftermath of pre-Raphaelitism and the "æsthetic" movement. The labels "decadent" and "*fin de siècle*" were the prevailing catchwords, and "strange sins," and peculiar "soul states," and "artistic temperaments" were in vogue. It was the heyday of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, of Paterian and Stevensonian prose. "Style" and "distinction" were our only wear. Also the cults of the poster, the music hall, and the short story were at their height. *The Yellow Book* was being published in Vigo Street, and the Rhymers' Club was meeting at the Cheshire Cheese. In short, it was the eighteen-nineties.

It is not necessary to depreciate those stirring times, as surely I would be the last to do, in order to empha-

[1]Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine*. Copyright, 1919, by the Frank A. Munsey Company.

size the singularity of Mr. Kipling's paradoxical arrival among them. There was a genuine artistic vitality in them, which has not only left behind some notable work, becoming more seriously recognized as time goes on, and the picturesque memories of certain ill-starred men of talent, if not genius, but which is, at the moment, perhaps too potently alive and influential in that new wave of "preciousness" wherein we are at present engulfed. Indeed, the despised and rejected of the eighteen-nineties have become, it is to be feared, almost too much the chief corner stones of contemporary movements and manifestoes.

However, "that," as Mr. Kipling first taught us to say, "is another story." Mr. Kipling's influence has had a long innings. If those influences which he temporarily overwhelmed are now to have theirs—well, it takes all sorts to make a world. Of one thing we may be gladly certain—the iron and quinine with which he has so plentifully dosed us will remain in the blood of the younger generation, and will serve to correct any threatened fevers of luxurious "hedonism." No recent writer can so confidently apply Whitman's words to himself, in addressing his contemporaries, and say:

> "You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
> But I will be good health to you, nevertheless,
> And filter and fibre your blood."

Leaving artistic considerations aside for a moment, Mr. Kipling's moral influence on his day and generation has been of an importance which it is scarcely an exaggeration to call prophetic. Few writers have ever come so precisely in the nick of time. If a voice crying

"England hath need of thee" had summoned him, he could not have been more pat to the occasion. Wordsworth's "stern daughter of the voice of God" has seldom been in greater need of a candid friend and servant. But how whimsically characteristic of the times it was, too, that that mouthpiece of the ancient verities should come in the guise of an Anglo-Indian teller of tales, the banjo minstrel of Tommy Atkins and Supi-yaw-lat!

And surely, at first, no one dreamed what this cocksure *enfant terrible* was to mean to the British Empire in particular, and to the morale of the world in general. His guise was certainly anything but prophetic, and his accents anything but reverential. Other-worldliness —of which he was essentially a great deal—was the last quality you would attribute to him. On the contrary, a queerly acrid worldliness, an omniscient cynicism, and a jarring brutality, made the peculiar tang of this strange, new fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. One's first reading of him was like one's first experience with olives. Some people never learn to like olives, and some people—lovers, too, of the best in literature—have never quite learned to like Rudyard Kipling. There is something in him that still frightens them.

But the fruit that Mr. Kipling brought us, even in that first astonishing volume of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, was more subtly blended in flavour than any olive. It had, indeed, every kind of flavour, and was not without an odd touch of the nectarine. Among all his other experiences, its author had not missed the honey of pre-Raphaelitism, was not unacquainted with the Lady Lilith, and could put Rossetti's "Song of the Bower" into the mouth of his drunken acquaintance,

McIntosh Jellaludin. And, while on one page we would find him lyrically celebrating "the hunting of man," what exquisite tenderness we would find on another—lover tenderness, mother tenderness—and what noble and touching pity for the sorrows and frailties of his fellows! With all his uncanny and precocious knowledge of the world—so many different worlds—his somewhat overdone and distasteful knowingness, and along with his apparent cold-bloodedness of observation and accent, there went, in unaccustomed association, so deep a sense of the tears in mortal things that one soon realized that here was something more than a diabolically clever teller of tales, and that, in fact, we were safe in the hands of a deep and serious poet.

It need hardly be said that one of the first notes to be struck by Mr. Kipling, a note that has reverberated as from an iron string through all his subsequent writings, has been that an Englishman's first duty is his duty to England. "Keep we the faith!" From first to last he has been an incorrigible Britisher, and in his case there seems never to have been a shadow of those Gilbertian temptations to belong to other nations. Least of all has he ever shown the smallest inclination to be an internationalist. In that famous envoi to *The Seven Seas*, in which he expresses his creed as an artist, he has told us that in the happy hereafter for artists, "When the oldest colours have faded and the youngest critic has died"—

". . . Only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!"

From first to last the god he has served, with a prayerful devotion which gives all his work a curious seriousness, even solemnity, has been the God of Things as They Are; and, when you come to think of it, what other god is there? Under another name, such was the deity of another modern writer who seems very different from Mr. Kipling, but from whom, I conjecture, he has drawn no little inspiration—George Meredith. "Sacred Reality," Meredith called his divinity. "Smite, Sacred Reality," he cries in the anguish of *A Faith on Trial;* and when we can say that in sincerity, he adds, "we have come to our faith's ordeal." Meredith and Mr. Kipling alike are fiercely impatient of sentimental evasions of the facts of existence, and though, perhaps, far from agreement on details, are alike intolerant of half-baked social and political panaceas, both having gone to school to that wise spirit which teaches us to discriminate between true idealism and its spurious, sophomoric imitations.

For this reason, Mr. Kipling is by many regarded as a reactionary—a label, it is to be feared, which must be patiently accepted by all such who do not swallow wholesale those nostrums of contemporary lawlessness and disorder which parade variously under the names of progress and revolution.

Mr. Kipling has an old-fashioned belief in duty, and in the discipline which enforces it, and makes it second nature. "He did not know," he says of his "Brush-

wood Boy," "that he bore with him from school and college a character worth much fine gold." Character —that is the old-fashioned quality which again and again he holds up for our admiration in his mute, inglorious heroes, and possibly he writes sometimes a little too much as if it were an exclusively British possession.

For, in spite of his having, in Barrie's phrase, swaggered in bad company over so many continents, he is the least cosmopolitan of writers. He is nothing if not patriotic—that antique virtue which our internationalists are doing their best to ridicule and destroy. It was already, in many intellectual quarters, being superciliously depreciated as insularity, and so forth, when Mr. Kipling first "smote 'is bloomin' lyre." Perhaps, for some, the recent war, with its fearful menace, may point an old-fashioned moral in Mr. Kipling's favour; and those who study it, and who are following, too, the recent developments among the various new peace-born nations, may hesitate before exchanging it for the blessings of the "inter-nation."

In fact, Mr. Kipling is, both by temperament and by conviction, a Tory. But it is not necessary to agree with the whole of a writer to be glad of him, and this is especially true of Mr. Kipling. One may, indeed, often violently disagree with him, for his work is very much of a challenge to his time, yet admire and give thanks for him all the same. Perhaps as one grows older and better acquainted with the works and ways of his God of Things as They Are, one is inclined to agree with him more rather than less; nor need the doing so imply our senectitude, for we must recall that Mr. Kipling thought the same at twenty as he does now, that his young

shoulders were born with a strangely old Tory head upon them. He saw the Thing as It Is from a very early age; and, when we say that, we must not forget that it was far from being only the seamy side of it that he saw. He saw that, indeed, with strangely precocious eyes, but it was as nothing in his vision compared with the power and the glory, the wonder and the mystery, which he also saw, and which no man of our time has seen with clearer, more passionate, or more worshipful seeing.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING[1]

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

RUDYARD KIPLING had the double qualification of poetic genius and of convinced Imperialism. He had received a formal accolade from the aged Tennyson, and could have carried on the tradition of British verse and British arms. Lord Tennyson himself was not more of an Imperialist than Mr. Kipling; he believed religiously, as Mr. Kipling believes, in the beneficence of British conquests. Results have often seemed to justify this faith, even though the method may not always commend itself to foreign spectators.

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

"Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown
When the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop!'
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say 'Stop!'!)"

[1]Reprinted from *Essays on Modern Novelists.* Copyright, 1910, by the Macmillan Company.

Nor has any Laureate, in the history of the office, risen any more magnificently to an occasion than did Mr. Kipling at the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Queen. Each poet made his little speech in verse, and then at the close of the ceremony came the thrilling "Recessional," which received an instant applause from the world as if it had been spoken to an audience. In its scriptural phraseology, in its combination of haughty pride and deep contrition, in its "holy hope and high humility," it expressed with austere majesty the genius of the English race. The soul of a great poet entered immediately into the hearts of men, there to abide for ever.

Rudyard Kipling's poetry is as familiar to us as the air we breathe. He is the spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon breed. His gospel of orderly energy is the inspiration of thousands of business offices; his sententious maxims are parts of current speech: the victrola has carried his singing lyrics even farther than the banjo penetrates, of which latter democratic instrument his wonderful poem is the apotheosis. And we have the word of a distinguished British major general to prove that Mr. Kipling has actually wrought a miracle of transformation with Tommy Atkins. General Sir George Younghusband, in a recent book, *A Soldier's Memories*, says, "I had never heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But, sure enough, a few years after, the soldiers thought, and talked, and expressed themselves exactly as Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and

they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil-may-care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Thomas Atkins. Before he had learned from reading stories about himself that he, as an individual, also possessed the above attributes, he was mostly ignorant of the fact. My early recollections of the British soldier are of a bluff, rather surly person, never the least jocose or light-hearted except perhaps when he had too much beer."

This is extraordinary testimony to the power of literature—from a first-class fighting man. It is as though John Sargent should paint an inaccurate but idealized portrait, and the original should make it accurate by imitation. The soldiers were transformed by the renewing of their minds. Beholding with open face as in a glass a certain image, they were changed into the same image, by the spirit of the poet. This is certainly a greater achievement than correct reporting. It is quite possible, too, that the *officers'* attitude toward Tommy Atkins had been altered by the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and this new attitude produced results in character.

At all events, the transformation of character by discipline, cleanliness, hard work, and danger is the ever-present moral in Mr. Kipling's verse. He loves to take the raw recruit or the boyish, self-conscious, awkward subaltern, and show how he may become an efficient man, happy in the happiness that accompanies success. It is a Philistine goal, but one that has the advantage of being attainable.

RUDYARD KIPLING AS A FRENCHMAN SEES HIM

RUDYARD KIPLING AS A FRENCHMAN SEES HIM[1]

BY ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON

The Poetry of Energy

THE quality which gives these poems of the first period ["The Song of the English," etc.] their essentially English character is a certain fulness and tension of spiritual energy—that energy of life and character which the national training of body and soul, together with the general system of social discipline, seek to guard and develop in a particular class of English society.

This it is which makes Kipling's poetry so healthy, strangely unlike the disquieting music, full of doubt and unrest, which we have learnt from famous models to accept as the characteristic of the poet. It is instinct with action and will, with tonic movements ranging from outbursts of joyous invention to sustained accents of enthusiasm and solemn conviction. A man's voice was heard in these first poems of Kipling's. It compelled attention at once. No tone could have been more sharply opposed to those vague moods of longing, foreboding, contemplation, ecstasy, the unutterable essence of which the Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others—had tried to convey. Kipling's

[1]Selected and reprinted from *Three Studies in English Literature.* Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

verses are like the strokes of a hammer wielded by the brawny arms of a blacksmith. The character thus revealed was at once recognised by the first readers of *The Light That Failed.* They had guessed how much of himself and his poetry Kipling, at the age of twenty-six, had put into the person and the work of his Dick Heldar: the sudden fits of dreaming, the wild desire, the elemental energy which concentrates and battles, sensibility to the simplest and most intense aspects of nature and of man, swift and penetrating vision, and in the recoil of the mind upon itself, the sudden development of the conception born of the image received. Painter and poet, the soul was the same in both. And, indeed, the painter is so much a poet that his intensity is revealed to us by the fever into which he is thrown by some lines he hears recited one evening.

I remember the day when I first read the fragments of verse that occur in the novel. Someone was playing the piano, and the musician, passing from one thing to another, began a piece of Schumann's, which ought, I know, to have snatched me away from any book. I did not even hear it; the beat of the English metre was so strong and imperious that it seemed to silence the subtle, tender music of the composer of "The Jasmine." All the most characteristic pieces of this poet have this quality. The movement of the soul from which they spring seems to upheave the surface of the verse, gathering force in its progress like the periodic wave of a ground swell. Nothing could be newer or more varied than his metres, yet they never suggest research. The rhythm seems the result of a natural force. It has that indefinable touch of the elemental and inevitable which also marks the idea, its presentation, the marshalling of

the details, the culminating effect—marks, in fact, the whole of a Kipling story or poem; and hence that saying, in the early days, that his art could no more be discussed than a cannon ball hitting one in the chest. No French translation can express such energy of rhythm. This is possible only in English, thanks to the intensity of the tonic accent, gaining strength under the stress of emotion, which inflects and modulates speech after the manner of music (hence the frequent use of italics in English writing to mark this special emphasis of the phrase). And this goes so far in some cases that the verbal music is almost enough, the meaning of the words becoming a secondary matter. Such is the case, for instance, in "The Anchor Song," with its technical vocabulary, which, when translated into French, is but a long conundrum for the landsman. With the English version, no matter if the reader be ignorant of the nautical terms, the amazing palpitation of the metre acts upon him, and in the rush and racket of the verses he is conscious at once of straining arms hauling at the sheets, flapping sails, tumult of wind and water—of the desire and then the rapture of the open sea.

By this quality of force the artist's sympathies are governed. His spirit is attuned to the tonic aspect of things, to those which express great, simple energies. If we wished to define him by a contrast, we should oppose to him Shelley, the poet of the fainting ecstatic soul, of the Sensitive Plant, of perfumes, the poet who shows matter only in its radiant, or, as spiritualists would say, its astral state. No lyric poet has sung so little of flowers and moonlight, so rarely written the word: love. But how he has looked at the world, how well he knows the sea, the greatest visible energy in our

world—the sea and all the things thereof! How he reproduces its life and movement in himself, and passes them on to us! The pallid, foaming fury of the storm, the wild clamour on the reef or sandbank of the bell-buoy, plunging, tossing, quivering in the choppy tide when the wind blows against the galloping rush of the ebb: "By the gates of Doom I sing, On the horns of Death I ride." And then "the sleek-barrelled swell before storm, gray, formless, enormous and growing"; or "the heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded"; and again in the darkness: "the shudder, the stumble, the swerve as the star-stabbing bowsprit emerges."

In the poet's vision of humanity, the same tendency is apparent. There, again, it is to power that he is most susceptible, to those states and aspects of man which denote the plenitude and freshness of vital energies, the force of the active will resisting, fighting, or expanding in triumph. One of his finest songs is the great triumphal chant of Mowgli over the corpse of his enemy, Shere Khan, the rhythmic repetitions of which (we seem to hear the trampling of the feet), the sudden movements, the cries of exultation and defiance, recall the wild grandeur of the Song of Deborah.

From 1890 to 1892 this army gave him the matter for one of his first collections of verse, the *Barrack Room Ballads*. These ballads were really addressed to soldiers. They were sung in the barracks and camps of India, at the hour when the men light their pipes and turn to the bard of the regiment, who was able to mingle them with his usual refrains. The vocabulary, the style, the movements, the highly coloured pathos, the obvious moral, were those of artless popular pictures.

But here we feel the hand of a great artist. For these rough traits are full of a general sense, showing the fundamentals of a race—in the first place, what may be called a certain stolidity of the mind, which keeps it in a given groove, and makes for reticence, greater mobility being essential to the southern play of speech, with its swift banter and lively, lucid ideas. And then a certain subjective intensity shown in the man's powers of resistance, tenacity, self-absorption, and accumulated passion. On such souls impressions are rarely made, but then they are lasting. Slowly but deeply moved souls, these, in which a sudden shock may rouse latent forces of imagination, strange, vivid dreaming, rising sometimes to solemn mystic visions.

The Ethics of Kipling

From this type of soul, common to Kipling's creations, his most individual and self-expressive poetry seems to proceed, and hence its tonic quality. Here a real person is being revealed, an active, durable self traversed by dynamic currents which guide it ever on and are passed on to us. By this feature Kipling, unique in so many respects, is akin to Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson, and if we go farther back for his like, Milton, grave, noble, and steadfast, appears in spite of all differences due to period and culture, as the perfect example of the type.

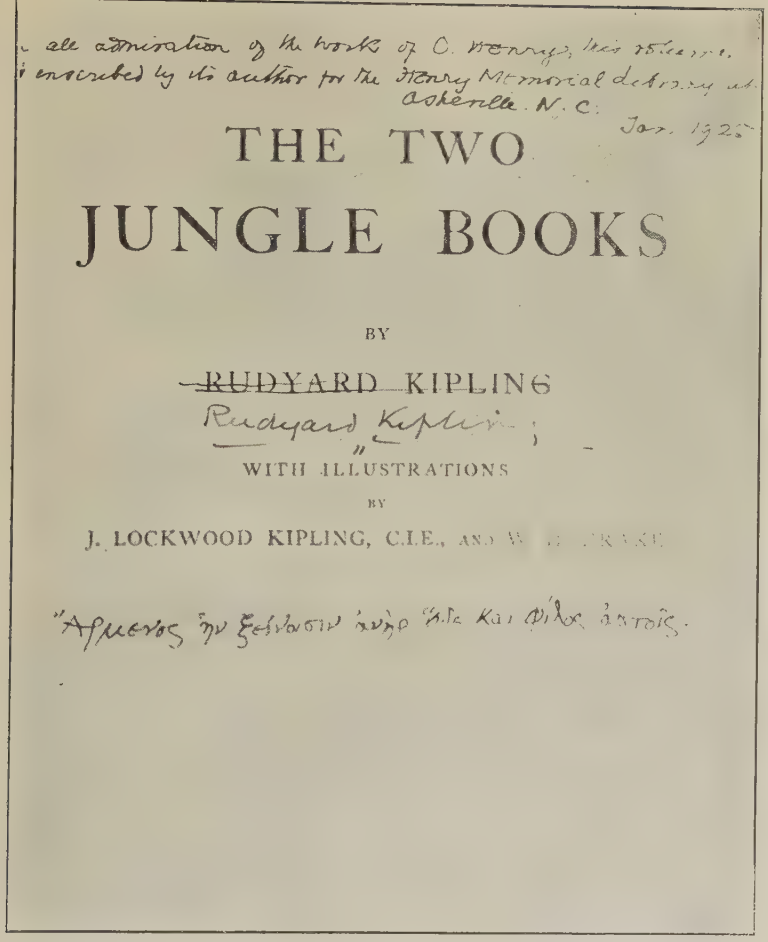
In such souls the great principle of stability is a conviction born of their own strength, like the deep root grown by a vigorous plant. As with these masters, so with Kipling. His basis is a faith of the same kind as theirs.

We must linger here awhile, for it is the substance of

this faith which colours the flower of his poetry. So great an artist was revealed from the outset, he produced such an effect of power as a master of imagery, that at first only his magic was seen; but under all his fancy and observation a certitude declares itself as fervent as his vision of the universe is intense and true. This energy, alike of conviction and sensation, this attention to spiritual values, together with these powers of vision and imagination, are peculiar to Kipling.

More often than not he expresses himself by images, designed to suggest or awaken a belief. Underlying the obvious meaning of the tale or poem there is another —sometimes, indeed, there are several—more or less interwoven, one of which, however, is essential. He loves to veil his innermost thought thus, and this tendency to symbolism, manifest from the beginning, has increased noticeably in his work. The reason is that his thought has grown deeper, turning gradually from without to within. No doubt such is the general progress of life, the outer world remaining the same about us, but the actual movement of life, the continuous accumulation of memories, adding ever more to our inner world. More and more with this poet, superficially described as a realist, the visible is subordinated to the invisible, sometimes symbolising it, sometimes disappearing altogether. Then, colour and images are suppressed. The idea emerges, stark, direct, and compact in its nakedness. There is a flash as of a blade leaping from a scabbard, the rich and vivid chasing of which we had been idly admiring.

This idea, with shades peculiar to a poet born under an alien star, is the old, stern, Puritan, English idea of duty, which inspired so many poets and novelists



Facsimile of the autographed title page of "The Two Jungle Books" in the O. Henry Memorial Library at Asheville, N. C. The Greek inscription, roughly translated, is, "He was welcome to strangers and dear to his fellow-citizens"

of the Victorian age, and had already found such strong expression at other periods of English literature. "No nation," says Voltaire, writing about 1750, "has treated of ethics more vigorously and profoundly in poetry than the English."[1] Now that the critical spirit has at last made its way into England, Kipling, of all the great living writers of his country, stands alone for the absolute in ethics, with a militant faith. A Wells, a Shaw, a Bennett, a Galsworthy, serve other gods, the gods of reason or of sentiment. Kipling's work appeals to our will, in order to nourish it with the tonic influences we have noted, and also to direct it. For he is not merely the teacher of energy his early works announced; he is the teacher of *conduct*—a weighty word in English!

Conduct: would he concern himself so much with it, if, with the disciples of Rousseau, he believed that human nature is good, that we have only to trust it, and are excused by our instincts? The old Christian idea, into which the Reformation had instilled new life, works strongly within him: we must not follow our bent, we must fight against it; or, as we should say to-day in Bergsonian terms, we must follow the upward movement of life, which strives, against the descending current of things, to concentrate energy in forms ever more complex.

This is the very idea which, more or less clearly defined, inspired the great English moralists of the Nineteenth Century. Ruskin expresses it clearly, showing duty as a principle making for life, that is to say, for form, that is to say, for beauty, whence the perpetual

[1] *Siècle de Louis XIV*, xxxiv.

tendency of his æsthetics toward ethics—the two points of view being in reality the same. Thus understood, morality is no mere matter of rules and interdictions. Its idea is not negative; it is not to be confused with that of a code for the preservation of the established order, with the notion of what is safe and respectable; one is not tempted to despise it as essentially "middle class." It is a living, dynamic idea, inspiring enthusiasm; a vehemence of divine essence and origin, partaking of the driving force of the world; and just as it possessed the prophets of ancient Israel, it may now pass into the soul of a poet. A religious vehemence, for in Anglo-Saxon countries it is the main element of religion, so much so, that when dogma tends to disappear, it is found all-sufficient in churches which, by their system of collective discipline and practice, seek to maintain the fervour and authority proper to dogma.[1]

Hence the lyrical intensity which often surprises us in the preaching of Carlyle and Ruskin, as in the more ethical poems of Wordsworth and Tennyson—those, in fact, which the English public has always loved. For this public responds to such accents; more than any other is it sensitive to an order of beauty that appeals only to the soul; and this we recognise when we reproach our neighbours for looking upon art as a vehicle for moral ideas. More than any other is this public capable of grave enthusiasm for spiritual grandeur, and of this the leaders of the nation are aware; they know by

[1]This is the tendency of the Broad Church party, the Unitarians, and, to-day, even of the Salvation Army. It is very general in America. The Presbyterian Church of Seattle is the most complete example.

what bare, stern words, even by what silence or injunctions to silence, it may be stirred to its depths.[1] Is it not a significant fact that in 1897, when Kipling had already published so much that was moving, nothing of his work had ever thrilled all England so generally and deeply as those solemn stanzas of prayer and meditation which he wrote on the morrow of the Jubilee, under the title of "Recessional," a word used in the Anglican service for the subdued music of the organ when the white-robed clergy and choristers leave the chancel in slow procession? After the pomp, the shouting, the blare of trumpets, came this moving reminder of God and the nothingness of human dust—*lest we forget! lest we forget!* Five short stanzas, suggesting a congregation rapt in prayer, and an effect such as no modern poet had produced upon a nation. But this was the nation of which Matthew Arnold was able to say; that its culture proceeds from the Hebrew mind rather than from Greek thought, from the Reformation rather than from the Renaissance, and that it is less concerned with thought and intelligence than with conduct.

Conduct: that is to say, free obedience to a recognised law; resistance against the world and against oneself; perseverance, which is strength—that strength we have felt in so many of Kipling's creations, expressed by the rhythm, the style and tone of his poetry. A virile poetry, the poetry of a soul "four-square to all the winds that blow," secure in its structure and foundations, proof against the impulse of caprice and all that

[1]See Lord Kitchener's proclamations asking for volunteers. *Cf.* M. Chevrillon's *Britain and the War*.

makes for languor and disintegration. This is true will power, the basic element in that perfection which the English have made their ideal, the main object of education in their public schools, which they express by one word: *character.*

This perfection is reached when autonomous will has chosen duty as its goal. To an Englishman of the fine old type—the regular classic type moulded by the public schools—whose training was to fit him for practical life and social service—ideals now no longer unquestioned—this is the supreme virtue. Intelligence he is apt to look upon as a whim of nature, a will-o'-the-wisp lighting haphazard on an individual; a dangerous light when it shows him his prejudices, and incites him to discuss those necessary rules of conduct which have nothing to do with reasoning. But in a steadfast will, subduing itself to duty, he sees the outcome of ancient culture. Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, these alone raise life to sovereign power, declared Tennyson, in verses all schoolboys in his country learn by heart. Of the three words, the last, *self-control,* is the most English. And the lesson is almost the same as that suggested to M'Andrew by the patient, true, well-concerted action of his engines: "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline . . ."

What this voluntary submission to strict discipline should be, the poem which bears as title the little word *If* will tell us. It is an exact and rigorous code, in the simplest language, of the laws a man must obey if he would be strong against the world and against himself.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son![1]

[1] "IF," at the end of "Brother Square-Toes," in *Rewards and Fairies.*

The Songs: The Land and Her Dead

Over-insistence on the practical and religious beliefs underlying Kipling's poetry would give a misleading idea of it. Of course they nourish it, and it is essential to know them, for they are the common ground of all English culture. But a ground is a colourless thing, and Kipling's poetry is as diverse and vivid as the blossoms springing from the clay in the course of the seasons.

How are we to suggest this variety, in which we find now the splendour of the East, now the tender and delicate shades of our northern world? The reader will form an idea of it if he glances at the *Songs from Books.* Here we are not looking at flower-beds in which the successive dreams and moods of a poet are arranged according to species and colours, but at the wayward growths that spring up luxuriantly from the April to the September of a life.

These songs are peculiar in their kind. All readers of Kipling know that it has long been his custom to write as a prelude to his stories a few verses that give the tone, and to close them with stanzas, in which the underlying idea is set forth, stripped of the outline, even of the matter proper to the narrative—transmuted into music full of a new magic, and as it were spiritualised. In this collection, the echoes of all the tales he has given to the world for the last twenty years seem to reverberate. A crowd of spirits reappear and press together. And here and there familiar voices call to us, those of Kim, Mowgli, Puck and others, rising above the whispers of the land—of the ancient Indian, and the no less ancient English land: light, infinite sonorities

alive with the intermingled waves of music and poetry, with rhythms of lullabies and nursery songs, charms and incantations, Oriental chants and English ballads, hymns and the solemn prayers of the Liturgy—alive with movements of joy, humour, and youthful fancy (childhood itself flits by, full of wonder, delighting in familiar or fabulous beasts, mimicking their ways and language)—with religious impulses, flights of metaphysical imagination, moods of slow and solemn musing; for in these Englishmen deep earnestness does not preclude unquenchable boyish freshness and vitality.

Among these songs some seem of peculiar bearing on the poet's own history. They are the simplest, the least vivid perhaps, but how instinct with feeling! The subject is merely the ancient, changeless English land, and they seem to soar, grey and tremulous as larks, from the heather and the pale downs of Sussex.

This county of Sussex by the sea is a land of memories. A spell as of the Sleeping Beauty lingers there, and time seems to have stood still. Nothing happens; the country folk, slow, heavy and silent—shepherds, labourers, millers, charcoal burners—lead the same rustic, Christian life as their forbears, to the rhythm of recurrent works and days. The old men have a wisdom not to be learnt at school, that comes from the long years of a life given to the things of woods and fields, and beyond that, from the experience of past generations. They never cease working; they are never ill; they die suddenly, like a branch that withers and drops one day from the tree. Nowadays, the landscape is more silent than ever, and everything blends into harmony under the patient finger of Time. One feels that human beings and things have endured together in

unhasting, monotonous life. There is the same ancient marriage of a certain race and a certain soil as in our Brittany. The magic of this soil, the gentle, irresistible power by which it takes silent possession of men of the race, the memories and secrets it whispers, Kipling, fresh from new worlds and all the lands of the Empire, learned by experience and recorded in one of his tales.

But some of the songs date from farther back than childhood—from the bygone times of all those dead whose ashes, mingled with this soil, give it its healing virtue. They have left their traces everywhere: in the old lanes barred by gates that have always been there, in the manor house with its smoke curling up behind the wood, in the trees on the village green, in the low Norman church watching over the tombstones on which Eighteenth Century dates are still visible.

And if one stays long enough in the country and learns to read the writing of time upon it, other traces reveal themselves, and gradually the most distant past appears:

"See you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar!

"See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet!

"See you our stilly woods of oak
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died."

Looking round his familiar landscape, Kipling marvels to think that the men and things of to-day are the same as those of distant ages, that the small voice of the stream was singing in the Twelfth Century in this very dell, that old man Hobden, who clips the squire's hedge, comes from a Hobden who in those far-away days clipped the hedge of a knight—that before him there were others of the name, who lived by the same bread, the same beliefs and customs, in the same circle of the horizon. Thus, in the souls of the men as in the soil of the countryside the past persists. "What has been will be," says the great lonely serpent of the jungle, who has lived a thousand years. And when he awakes from his long torpors he cannot tell whether the living round him are or are not those he has known.

Thus it is that the sense of Country has gone on deepening in Kipling. He was at first in love with the strength and beauty of the foliage; later on, he noted more especially the ancient life of the trunk; he was moved by the sight of the marks of time, of the deep strata whereon each development, each age has been imprinted. The time was far distant when he had sung: "What do they know of England who only England know?" No longer a traveller, attached henceforth to the old soil, where so many men of his race had been rooted, behind the living he saw the dead, those dead who had not dreamt of the Empire, but had prepared it by their virtues, and he loved the land where their traces are everywhere to be seen, loved it simply, as they had loved it. "The land and its dead," as we say in France. His patriotism is no longer proud and exultant as in his youth; it has become more inward and tender, more like our own; it is tinged with a feeling

akin to that suggested in the French saying—a feeling which, as early as the Eleventh Century, had found expression in the words: *Douce France.*

But the earlier vision persists, it has only become deeper. It now embraces the whole life of the English hive. The conception of present society as formed by the living who owe service to one another and to future generations, has been completed by that of the bond between these living and all the generations before them. Not that Kipling was ever unmindful of the dead—they have their *Saga* in "The Song of the English." But in this he sings only of the pioneers of new Englands, those whose bones lie rotting at the bottom of the sea, or strew the first trails in veldt and prairie, not of all those millions whose dust, mingled with English earth for a thousand years, makes it holy to an English heart.

Does this mean that his love of country is greater now than of old? But is complete knowledge necessary to love? Is it not rather because one *loves* that one longs to know better and better—to know those hidden things of the soul, those dim recesses of the past undiscerned by a young poet, face to face with the beauty that first moves him to sing. Kipling's patriotism was the passion that shaped his life. It proclaimed itself ingenuously in his first poem, written at the age of sixteen; it inspires the stanzas dated on the eve of the Armistice. An ever-present, restless passion—an active passion which has set him apart, consecrated him, and marked him with a sign.

THE KIPLING INDEX

THE KIPLING INDEX

BEING A GUIDE TO THE MANDALAY EDITION OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORKS WITH PAGE NUMBERS ATTACHED

ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR THE
See: Five Nations, The, 125

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles*)

An Habitation Enforced
The Recall (*Verse*)
Garm—a Hostage
The Power of the Dog (*Verse*)
The Mother Hive
The Bees and the Flies (*Verse*)
With the Night Mail
The Four Angels (*Verse*)
A Deal in Cotton
The New Knighthood (*Verse*)
The Puzzler
The Puzzler (*Verse*)
Little Foxes
Gallio's Song (*Verse*)
The House Surgeon
The Rabbi's Song (*Verse*)

ADVERTISEMENT, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 118

AËRIAL BOARD OF CONTROL
See: Actions and Reactions, s. v. With the Night Mail, 132

ALPHABET, HOW THE—WAS MADE —SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 117

AMBUSH, IN—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 3

AMERICAN, AN—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 274

AMERICAN SONG—VERSE
"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin"
See: Life's Handicap, s. v. Namgay Doola, 249

AMIR'S HOMILY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 298

ANCHOR SONG—VERSE
See: Many Inventions, s. v. Envoy, 349
The same verse reprinted in Seven Seas, s. v. Anchor Song, 241

AND IF YE DOUBT THE TALE I TELL—VERSE
"The Palms"
See: Many Inventions, s. v. A Matter of Fact, 150

AND SOME ARE SULKY, WHILE SOME WILL PLUNGE—VERSE
Toolungala Stockyard Chorus
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Thrown Away, 15

AND THE YEARS WENT ON, AS THE YEARS MUST DO—VERSE
Diana of Ephesus
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Venus Anno Domini, 230

ANGELS, THE FOUR—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 161

"ANGUTIVUN TINA"—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 178. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 269

ANKUS, THE KING'S—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 119

ANSWER, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 231

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 75

ARMADILLOS, THE BEGINNING OF THE —SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 88

ARMY HEADQUARTERS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, 9

ARMY OF A DREAM, THE, PARTS I AND II—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 237

ARREST OF LIEUTENANT GOLIGHTLY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 124

AS EASY AS A. B. C.—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 3

"AS THE BELL CLINKS"—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 88

ASTROLOGER'S SONG, AN—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 237
The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 161

AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 165

AT THE HOLE WHERE HE WENT IN—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, s. v. Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, 121

AT THE PIT'S MOUTH—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 31

AT TWENTY-TWO—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 257

AUCHINLECK'S RIDE—VERSE
"There was a strife 'twixt man and maid"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter I, 3

AURELIAN MCGOGGIN, THE CONVERSION OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 98

AVE IMPERATRIX—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 3

B

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 247

"BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 296

BADALIA HERODSFOOT, THE RECORD OF—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 268

BALESTIER, WOLCOTT
Collaborator with Rudyard Kipling, in the writing of "Naulahka, The," s. v. Dedication poem of Barrack-Room Ballads addressed to him. *See:* Departmental Ditties, etc., 141

BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL, A—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 83

BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 228

BALLAD OF BURIAL, A—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 55

BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 201

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING HOUSE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 69

BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW, THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 291. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 256

BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR." THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 250

BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHER-DOWN," THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 246

BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 217

BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 212

BALLADS, BARRACK-ROOM
Contained in two volumes. For list of titles:
See: Departmental Ditties, 137. Seven Seas, The, 293

BANDAR LOG, ROAD SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 62

BANJO, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 232

BANK FRAUD, A—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 169

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS
See: Ballads, Barrack-Room, above

BATHURST, MRS.—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 327

BEAR, THE TRUCE OF THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 37

BEAST, THE MARK OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 216

BEAT OFF IN OUR LAST FIGHT WERE WE?—VERSE
Blackbeard
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIII, 155. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 84

BECAUSE I SOUGHT IT FAR FROM MEN—VERSE
The Crystals of Iswara
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIV, 179. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 84

BEE BOY'S SONG, THE—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 209. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 168

BEES AND THE FLIES, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 99. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 77

BEFORE A MIDNIGHT BREAKS IN STORM—VERSE
Dedication
See: Five Nations, The.

BEGINNER, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 130

BEGINNING OF THE ARMADILLOS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 88

BEGINNINGS, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 401

BELL BUOY, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 7

BELOW THE MILL DAM—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 355

BELTS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 175

BENEFACTORS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 73

BENEFIT OF CLERGY, WITHOUT—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 135

BEONI BAR—VERSE
It was not in the open fight
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. The Rout of the White Hussars, 210

BERTRAN AND BIMI—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 269

BETROTHED, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 79

BEWARE THE MAN WHO'S CROSSED IN LOVE—VERSE
The Buck and the Saw
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter II, 9

BEYOND THE PALE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 155

BIG DRUNK DRAF', THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 26

BILL 'AWKINS—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 319

BIMI, BERTRAN AND—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 269

"BIRDS OF PREY" MARCH—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 300

BISARA OF POOREE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 236

BLACK AND WHITE, IN—SHORT STORIES
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 213

BLACKBEARD—VERSE
"Beat off in our last fight were we?"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIII, 155

BLACK JACK—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 82

BLUE ROSES—VERSE
"Roses red and roses white"
See: The Light That Failed. Heading for Chapter VII, 88. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 207

BOBS—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 293

BOH DA THONE, THE BALLAD OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 228

"BOLIVAR," THE BALLAD OF THE —VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 250

BOMBAY, DEDICATION TO THE CITY OF —VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 173

BONDS OF DISCIPLINE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 39

BOOTS—VERSE
(Infantry Columns of the Earlier War)
See: Five Nations, The, 146

BATHER, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 132

BRAGGART, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 122

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS"—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 256

BRIDGE-BUILDERS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 3

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 92

BRITISH-ROMAN SONG, A—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 133. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 89

BRITISH SOLDIER, THE YOUNG—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 178

BROKEN-LINK HANDICAP, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 148

BROKEN MEN, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 29

BRONCKHORST DIVORCE CASE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 223

BROOKLAND ROAD—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 109. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 13

BROTHER SQUARE-TOES—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 137

"BRUGGLESMITH"—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 218

BRUSHWOOD BOY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 327

BUBBLING WELL ROAD—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 327

BUCK AND THE SAW, THE—VERSE
"Beware the man who's crossed in love"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter II, 9

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 64

BURIAL, A BALLAD OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 55

BURIAL, THE—VERSE
(C. J. Rhodes, buried in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902)
See: Five Nations, The, 53

BUTTERFLY THAT STAMPED, THE —SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 177

"BY THE HOOF OF THE WILD GOAT"—VERSE
See Songs from Books, 200. The same verse reprinted in the story, "To Be Filed for Reference" in Plain Tales from the Hills, 293

BY WORD OF MOUTH—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 287

C

CAMEL, HOW THE—GOT HIS HUMP—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 13

CAMP ANIMALS, PARADE SONG OF THE —VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 193

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
A Story of the Grand Banks

CAPTIVE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 3

CAPTIVE, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 67. The same in Traffics and Discoveries as "From the Masjid-al-Aqsa of Sayyid Ahmed (Wahabi), 2

CARMEN CIRCULARE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 117

CAROL, A—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 44. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 319

CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF, THE —SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 155

CAT, THE MALTESE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 231

CATTLE THIEF, THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 238

CELLS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 159

CENTURION OF THE THIRTIETH, A—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 115

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 101

CHANCE IN LIFE, HIS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 72

CHANTEY, THE FIRST—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 188

CHANTEY, THE LAST—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 190

CHANT-PAGAN—VERSE
(English Irregular: '99-02)
See: Five Nations, The, 128

CHARM, A—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies; the same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 31

CHARM OF THE BISARA, THE—VERSE
"Little Blind Fish thou art marvellous wise"
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. The Bisara of Pooree, 236

CHILDREN, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 119

CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 329

CHILDREN'S SONG, THE—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 253. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 134

CHIL'S SONG—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 213. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 65

CHINA-GOING P. AND O'S—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. The Crab That Played with the Sea, 161.

CHOICE, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 28

CHOLERA CAMP—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 313

CHORUS FROM LIBRETTO OF NAULAHKA—VERSE
"When a Lover hies abroad"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VIII, 83

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc. 91

CITIES, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 183

CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 113. A Centurion of the Thirtieth. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 3

"CITY OF BRASS, THE"—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 107

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, THE—DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE
See: Life's Handicap, 332

CITY OF SLEEP, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 179. The same verse reprinted in the story "Brushwood Boy, The" in Day's Work, The, 358

CITY WALL, ON THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 297

"CLAMPHERDOWN," THE BALLAD OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 246

"CLEARED"—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 279

COASTWISE LIGHTS, THE—VERSE
See Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 177

CODE OF MORALS, A—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 21

COLD IRON—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 3

COLD IRON—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 25. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 40

COLUMNS—VERSE
(Mobile Columns of the Later War)
See: Five Nations, The, 136

COMFORTERS, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 145

COMPREHENSION OF PRIVATE COPPER, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 155

CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS, A——SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 23

CONFESSIONS—VERSE
"In the daytime, when she moved about me"
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. The Bronckhorst Divorce Case, 223

CONSEQUENCES—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 91

CONTRADICTIONS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 128

CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 268

CONVERSION OF AURELIAN MCGOGGIN, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 98

CONVERSION OF ST. WILFRED, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 207

CONVERT, THE—VERSE
"Look, you have cast out love!"
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Lispeth, 3

COTTON, A DEAL IN—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 165

COURTING OF DINAH SHADD, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 36

COVENANT, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 12

CRAB THAT PLAYED WITH THE SEA, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 143

CRAFTSMAN, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 69

CRUISERS—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 10

CRYSTALS OF ISWARA, THE—VERSE
"Because I sought it far from men."
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIV, 179

CUCKOO SONG—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 29

CUPID'S ARROWS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 58

D

DANA DA, THE SENDING OF—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 284

DANE WOMEN, HARP SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 55

DANNY DEEVER—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 145

DARZEE'S CHAUNT—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 141

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 186

DAY'S WORK, THE—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
The Bridge-Builders
A Walking Delegate
The Ship That Found Herself
The Tomb of His Ancestors
The Devil and the Deep Sea
William the Conqueror. Parts I and II
.007
The Maltese Cat
"Bread upon the Waters"
An Error in the Fourth Dimension
My Sunday at Home
The Brushwood Boy
Over the Edge of the Purple Down (*Verse*)

DEAD KING, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 76

DEAD SISTERS, DIRGE OF—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 104

DEAD, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 179

DEAL IN COTTON, A—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 165

DEATH-BED, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 80

DECLARATION OF LONDON, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 7

DEDICATION—VERSE
"Before a midnight breaks in storm"
See: Five Nations, The, 3

DEDICATION
"If I were hanged on the highest hill"
See: The Light That Failed, Introduction

DEDICATION, A—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 216

DEDICATION TO THE CITY OF BOMBAY—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 173

DEEP-SEA CABLES, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 182

DELHI, WITH SCINDIA TO—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 222

DELILAH—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 13

Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)

Ave Imperatrix
Prelude. "I have eaten your bread and salt"

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

General Summary
Army Headquarters
Study of an Elevation, in Indian Ink
Delilah
A Legend of the Foreign Office
The Story of Uriah
The Post That Fitted
A Code of Morals
Public Waste
What Happened
The Man Who Could Write
Pink Dominoes
Municipal
The Last Department

OTHER VERSES

My Rival
To the Unknown Goddess
The Rupaiyat of Omar Kal'vin
Pagett, M. P.
La Nuit Blanche
The Lovers' Litany
A Ballad of Burial
The Overland Mail
Divided Destinies
The Masque of Plenty
The Mare's Nest
The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-house
Possibilities
Arithmetic on the Frontier
The Song of the Women
The Betrothed
A Ballade of Jakko Hill
The Plea of the Simla Dancers
"As the Bell Clinks"
Christmas in India
The Grave of the Hundred Head
An Old Song
Certain Maxims of Hafiz
The Moon of Other Days
The Fall of Jock Gillespie
What the People Said
The Undertaker's Horse
One Viceroy Resigns
The Galley-slave
A Tale of Two Cities
In Spring Time
Giffen's Debt
Two Months. In June
Two Months. In September
L'Envoi

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Dedication to Wolcott Balestier
L'Envoi
To T. A
Danny Deever
Tommy
Fuzzy-Wuzzy
Soldier, Soldier
Screw-Guns
Cells
Gunga Din
Oonts
Loot
"Snarleyow"
The Widow at Windsor
Belts
The Young British Soldier
Mandalay
Troopin'
The Widow's Party
Ford o' Kabul River
Gentlemen-Rankers
Route-Marchin'
Shillin' a Day
The Ballad of East and West
The Last Suttee
The Ballad of the King's Mercy
The Ballad of the King's Jest
With Scindia to Delhi
The Ballad of Boh Da Thone
The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief
The Rhyme of the Three Captains
The Ballad of the "Clampherdown"
The Ballad of the "Bolivar"
The Sacrifice of Er-Heb
The Explanation
The Gift of the Sea
Evarra and His Gods
The Conundrum of the Workshops
The Legend of Evil. Parts I, II
The English Flag
"Cleared"
An Imperial Rescript
Tomlinson

DEPARTMENT, THE LAST—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 36

DERELICT, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 228

DESTINIES, DIVIDED—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 59

DESTROYERS, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 13

DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 136

DIANA OF EPHESUS—VERSE
"And the years went on, as the years must do"
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Venus Anno Domini, 230

DIEGO VALDEZ, THE SONG OF—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 24

DINAH SHADD, THE COURTING OF—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 36

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 104

DIRGE OF THE LANGURS—VERSE
"The night we felt the earth would move"
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s. v. The Miracle of Purun Bhagat, 29

DISCIPLINE, THE BONDS OF—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 39

DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 3

DIVERSITY OF CREATURES, A—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
As Easy as A. B. C.
MacDonough's Song (*Verse*)
Friendly Brook
The Land (*Verse*)
In the Same Boat
"Helen all Alone" (*Verse*)
The Honours of War
The Children (*Verse*)
The Dog Hervey
The Comforters (*Verse*)
The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat
The Press (*Verse*)
In the Presence
Jobson's Amen (*Verse*)
Regulus
A Translation (*Verse*)
The Edge of the Evening
Rebirth (*Verse*)
The Horse Marines
The Legend of Mirth (*Verse*)
"My Son's Wife"
The Floods (*Verse*)
The Fabulists (*Verse*)
The Vortex
The Song of Seven Cities (*Verse*)
"Swept and Garnished"
Mary Postgate
The Beginnings (*Verse*)

DIVES, THE PEACE OF—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 112

DIVIDED DESTINIES—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 59

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE, A—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 235

DOG HERVEY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 121

DOG, RED—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 181

DOG, THE POWER OF THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 73

DOMINOES, PINK—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 32

"DONA FERENTES, ET."—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 74

DRAY WARA YOW DEE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 213

DREADFUL NIGHT, THE CITY OF—DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE
See: Life's Handicap, 332

DREAM OF DUNCAN PARRENNESS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 356

DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 299

DRUNK DRAF', THE BIG—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 26

DUNCAN PARRENNESS, THE DREAM OF—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 356

DUNGARA, THE JUDGMENT OF—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 226

DYING CHAUFFEUR, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 134

DYKES, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 21

"DYMCHURCH FLIT"—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 211

E

EAST AND WEST, THE BALLAD OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 201

'EATHEN, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 331

EDDI'S SERVICE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 209. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 48

EDEN, THE GARDEN OF—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 157

EDGE OF THE EVENING, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 248

EDUCATION OF OTIS YEERE, THE PARTS I AND II—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 43

EGG-SHELL, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 224. The same verse reprinted in the story "Their Lawful Occasions," in Traffics and Discoveries, 124

EGYPT OF THE MAGICIANS
See: Letters of Travel, 189

ELEPHANT, MY LORD THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 41

ELEPHANT'S CHILD, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 55

ELEPHANTS, TOOMAI OF THE—SHORT STORIES
See: Jungle Book, The First, 145

END OF THE PASSAGE, AT THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 165

EN-DOR—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 42

ENGLAND'S ANSWER—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 186

ENGLISH, A SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 176

ENGLISH FLAG, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 274

ENVOY—VERSE
"Heh! Walk her round! Heave, ah, heave her short again."
See: Many Inventions, 349

EPITAPHS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 99

ER-HEB, THE SACRIFICE OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 253

ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION, AN—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 289

"ET DONA FERENTES"—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 74

EVARRA AND HIS GODS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 265

EVIL, THE LEGEND OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 271

EXPLANATION, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 261

EXPLORER THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 44

F

FABULISTS, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 345

FAIRIES' SIEGE, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 52

FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 107

FALSE DAWN—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 40

FASTNESS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 129

"FATHERS OF OLD, OUR"—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 261

FATIMA—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 169

FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 32

FEMALE OF THE SPECIES, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 95

FIFTH RIVER, SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 231

FILED FOR REFERENCE, TO BE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 293

FILES THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 98

FINANCES OF THE GODS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 292

"FINEST STORY IN THE WORLD, THE"—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 88

FIRE, THROUGH THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 286

FIRST CHANTEY, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 188

FIRST LETTER, HOW THE—WAS WRITTEN—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 100

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE, THE BALLAD OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 69

FIVE NATIONS, THE—VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Dedication
The Sea and the Hills
The Bell Buoy
Cruisers
The Destroyers
White Horses
The Second Voyage
The Dykes
The Song of Diego Valdez
The Broken Men
The Feet of the Young Men
The Truce of the Bear
The Old Men
The Explorer
The Wage-Slaves
The Burial
General Joubert
The Palace
Sussex
Song of the Wise Children
Buddha at Kamakura
The White Man's Burden
Pharaoh and the Sergeant
Our Lady of the Snows
"Et Dona Ferentes"
The Rowers
Kitchener's School
The Young Queen
Rimmon
The Old Issue
Bridge-Guard in the Karroo
The Lesson
The Files
The Reformers
Dirge of Dead Sisters
The Islanders
The Peace of Dives
South Africa
The Settler

Service Songs
The Absent-Minded Beggar
Chant-Pagan
M. I. (Mounted Infantry of the Line)

Columns
The Parting of the Columns
Two Kopjes
The Instructor
Boots
The Married Man
Lichtensberg
Stellenbosh
Half-Ballad of Waterval
Piet
"Wilful-Missing"
Ubique
The Return
Recessional

FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 173

FLEET, A, IN BEING
See: From Sea to Sea, 229

FLIES, THE BEES AND THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 99

FLOODS, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 343

FLOOD TIME, IN—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 271

FLOWERS, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 255

"FOLLOW ME 'OME"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 323

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 16

FORD O' KABUL RIVER—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 188

FORE AND AFT, THE DRUMS OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 299

FOREIGN OFFICE, A LEGEND OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 15

FOREIGN OFFICE, WRESSLEY OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 280

FOR OUR WHITE AND OUR EXCELLENT NIGHTS, FOR THE NIGHTS OF SWIFT RUNNING—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second s. v. Red Dog, 183

FOR TO ADMIRE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 340

FOUR ANGELS, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 161. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 275

FOURTH DIMENSION, AN ERROR IN THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 289

FOXES, LITTLE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 213

FRANCE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 13

FRANKIE'S TRADE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 287. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 261

FRIENDLY BROOK—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 43

FRIEND'S FRIEND, A—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 243

FROM LYDEN'S "IRENIUS"—DIALOGUE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 324

FROM SEA TO SEA AND OTHER SKETCHES

Contents of Volume I

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Letters of Marque
From Sea to Sea

Contents of Volume II

From Sea to Sea (*Cont.*)
A Fleet in Being
Letters to the Family

FROM SEA TO SEA
See: From Sea to Sea, Volume I, 187, Volume II, 3

FROM TIDEWAY TO TIDEWAY—LETTERS OF TRAVEL
See: Letters of Travel, 3

"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"—Verse
(Soudan Expeditionary Force)
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 151

G

Gadsbys, The Story of the—Short Stories
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 107

Gallet Slave, The—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 120

Gallio's Song—Verse
See: Actions and Reactions, 241. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 75

Garden of Eden, The—Dialogue (in the "Story of the Gadsbys")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 157

Garm—A Hostage—Short Story
See: Actions and Reactions, 51

Gate of the Hundred Sorrows' The—Short Story
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 250

Gehazi—Verse
See: Years Between, The, 82

Gemini—Short Story
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 245

General Joubert—Verse
See: Five Nations, The, 55

General Summary—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 7

Gentlemen-Rankers—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 190

Georgie Porgie—Short Story
See: Life's Handicap, 340

German Flag, Reingelder and the —Short Story
See: Life's Handicap, 277

Germ-Destroyer, A—Short Story
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 112

Gethsemane—Verse
See: Years Between, The, 65

Ghost Story, My Own True—Short Story
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 143

Giffen's Debt—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 129

Gift of the Sea, The—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 262

Give the Man Who Is Not Made —Verse
Op. 15.
See: Kim, beginning of Chap. XI, 241

Gloriana—Short Story
See: Rewards and Fairies, 27

Goddess, To the Unknown—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 43

God from the Machine, The—Short Story
See: Soldiers Three, 3

Golightly, The Arrest of Lieutenant—Short Story
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 124

Good Luck, She Is Never A Lady—Verse
The Wishing Caps
See: Kim, beginning of Chap. VI, 77

Gow's Watch—Verse
See: Songs from Books, 192

Grand-Master's Defence, The—Verse
Your patience Sirs: the Devil took me up.
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter IV, 36

Grasshopper, Shiv and the—Verse
See: Jungle Book, The First, 169

Grave of the Hundred Head, The —Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 94

Great Wall, On the—Short Story
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 137

GREENHOW HILL, ON—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 66

GUNGA DIN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 161

H

HABITATION ENFORCED, AN—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 3

HADRAMAUTI—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 73. The same verse reprinted in Plain Tales from the Hills, 243

HAFIZ, CERTAIN MAXIMS OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 101

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 155

HAL O' THE DRAFT—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 187

HARP SONG OF THE DANE WOMEN—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 55. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 56

HEAD OF THE DISTRICT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 107

"HELEN ALL ALONE"—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 95

HENRY VII AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS, KING—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 79

HERE COME I TO MY OWN AGAIN—VERSE
The Prodigal Son
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter V, 101

HERIOT'S FORD—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 259. The same verse reprinted under the title, "Fight of Heriot's Ford, The," in The Light That Failed, 151

HERITAGE, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 127

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 173

HILL OF ILLUSION, THE—DIALOGUE
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 54

HIMALAYAN—VERSE
The sky is lead and our faces are red.
See: Life's Handicap, s. v. At the End of the Passage, 165

HIS CHANCE IN LIFE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 72

HIS MAJESTY THE KING—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 284

HIS PRIVATE HONOUR—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 126

HIS SPOTS ARE THE JOY OF THE LEOPARD: HIS HORNS ARE THE BUFFALO'S PRIDE—VERSE
Maxims of Baloo
See: Jungle Book, The First, s. v. Kaa's Hunting, 31

HIS WEDDED WIFE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 141

HOLY WAR, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 30

"HONEST MEN, POOR"—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 203

HONOURS OF WAR, THE—STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 97

HORSE MARINES, THE—STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 273

HORSES, WHITE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 16

HOUSE OF SUDDHOO, IN THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 131

HOUSES, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 33

HOUSE SURGEON, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 245

HOWLI THANA, AT—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 238

HOW FEAR CAME—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 3

HOW THE ALPHABET WAS MADE—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 117

HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 13

HOW THE FIRST LETTER WAS WRITTEN—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 100

HOW THE LEOPARD GOT HIS SPOTS—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 33

HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS SKIN—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 22

HOW THE WHALE GOT HIS THROAT—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 3

HUNDRED HEAD, THE GRAVE OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 94

HUNDRED SORROWS, THE GATE OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 250

HUNTING-SONG OF THE SEEONEE PACK—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 28
The same in Songs from Books, 206

HYÆNAS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 52

HYMN BEFORE ACTION—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 249

I

I AM THE MOST WISE BAVIAAN, SAYING IN MOST WISE TONES—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. How the Leopard Got His Spots, 39

IDIOT BOY, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 126

IF— —VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 267.
The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 145

IF I WERE HANGED ON THE HIGHEST HILL
See: The Light That Failed
Dedication

I HAVE EATEN YOUR BREAD AND SALT—VERSE
Prelude
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 6

I KEEP SIX HONEST SERVING-MEN—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. The Elephant's Child, 71

ILLUSION, THE HILL OF—DIALOGUE
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 54

IMPERIAL RESCRIPT, AN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 284

IMPRESSIONISTS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 92

IMRAY, THE RETURN OF—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 233

IN AMBUSH—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 3

IN BLACK AND WHITE
See: Soldiers Three, 213

INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 3

INDIA, CHRISTMAS IN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 91

IN ERROR—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 163

INFANTRY OF THE LINE, MOUNTED—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 131

IN FLOOD TIME—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 271

IN SEONEE—VERSE
This I saw when the rites were done
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XII, 139

IN SHADOWLAND—VERSE
We meet in an evil land
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter IX, 92

IN SPRING TIME—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 127

INSTRUCTOR, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 145

INTERLUDE, AN UNSAVORY—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 60

IN THE DAYTIME, WHEN SHE MOVED ABOUT ME—VERSE
Confessions
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. The Bronckhorst Divorce Case, 223

IN THE HOUSE OF SUDDHOO—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 131

IN THE MATTER OF A PRIVATE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 70

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 264

IN THE PRESENCE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 197

IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 193

IN THE RUKH—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 183

IN THE SAME BOAT—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 64

IN THE STATE OF KOT-KUMHARSEN, WHERE THE WILD DACOITS BOUND—VERSE
Song from Libretto of "Naulahka"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VI, 57

INVENTOR, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 135

ISWARA, THE CRYSTALS OF—VERSE
"Because I sought it far from men"
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIV, 179

ISLANDERS, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 107

"IRENIUS" FROM LYDEN'S—DIALOGUE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 324

IRISH GUARDS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 37

IT WAS NOT IN THE OPEN FIGHT—VERSE
Beoni Bar
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. The Rout of the White Hussars, 210

I'VE NEVER SAILED THE AMAZON—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. The Beginning of the Armadillos, 101

I WILL REMEMBER WHAT I WAS, I AM SICK OF ROPE AND CHAIN—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, s. v. Toomai of the Elephants, 145

J

JACKET, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 328

JAKKO HILL, A BALLADE OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 83

JESTER, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 155

JEWS IN SHUSHAN—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 303

JOBSON'S AMEN—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 215

JOCK GILLESPIE, THE FALL OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 107

JORDAN, THE SWELLING OF—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 197

JOUBERT, GENERAL—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 55

JOYOUS VENTURE, THE KNIGHTS OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 57

JUBAL AND TUBAL CAIN—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 111

JUDGMENT OF DUNGARA, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 226

JUDSON AND THE EMPIRE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 297

JUGGLER'S SONG, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 265

JUNE, IN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., s. v. Two months, 132

JUNGLE BOOK, THE FIRST—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Mowgli's Brothers
Hunting Song of the Seeonee Pack (*Verse*)
Kaa's Hunting
Road Song of the Bandar Log (*Verse*)
Tiger! Tiger!
Mowgli's Song (*Verse*)
The White Seal
Lukannon (*Verse*)
At the Hole Where He Went In (*Verse*)
"Rikki-tikki-tavi"
Darzee's Chaunt (*Verse*)
Toomai of the Elephants
Shiv and the Grasshopper (*Verse*)
Her Majesty's Servants
Parade Song of the Camp Animals (*Verse*)

JUNGLE BOOK, THE SECOND—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
How Fear Came
The Law of the Jungle (*Verse*)
The Miracle of Purun Bhagat
A Song of Kabir (*Verse*)
Letting in the Jungle
Mowgli's Song Against People (*Verse*)
The Undertakers
A Ripple-song (*Verse*)
The King's Ankus
The Song of the Little Hunter (*Verse*)
Quiquern
"Angutivun Tina" (*Verse*)
Red Dog
Chil's Song (*Verse*)
The Spring Running
The Outsong (*Verse*)

JUNGLE, LETTING IN THE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 49

JUNGLE, THE LAW OF THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 24

JUSTICE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 112

JUSTICE, THE TREE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 289

JUSTICE'S TALE, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 119

JUST SO STORIES—FOR CHILDREN—STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
How the Whale Got His Throat
When the Cabin Port-holes Are Dark and Green (*Verse*)
How the Camel Got His Hump
The Camel's Hump Is an Ugly Lump (*Verse*)
How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin
This Uninhabited Island (*Verse*)
How the Leopard Got His Spots
I Am the Most Wise Baviaan Saying in Most Wise Tones (*Verse*)
The Elephant's Child
I Keep Six Honest Serving Men (*Verse*)
The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo
This Is the Mouth-filling Song (*Verse*)
The Beginning of the Armadillos
Roll Down to Rio (*Verse*)

How the First Letter Was Written
There Runs a Road by Merrow Down (*Verse*)
How the Alphabet Was Made
Of All the Tribes of Tegumai (*Verse*)
The Crab That Played with the Sea
China-going P and O's (*Verse*)
The Cat That Walked by Himself
Pussy Can Sit by the Fire and Sing (*Verse*)
The Butterfly That Stamped
There Was Never a Queen Like Balkis (*Verse*)

K

KAA'S HUNTING—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 31

KABIR, A SONG OF—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 47

KABUL RIVER, FORD O'—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 188

KAMAKURA, BUDDHA AT—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 64

KANGAROO, THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 77

KARROO, BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 92

KASPAR'S SONG IN "VARDA"—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 206

KEDAR, THE TENTS OF—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 132

KIDNAPPED—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 118

KIM—NOVEL
Illustrated by John Lockwood Kipling

KING ANTHONY—VERSE
Now we are come to our Kingdom
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XVIII, 226

KING HENRY VII AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 79. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 247

KING'S ANKUS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 119

KING'S JEST, THE BALLAD OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 217

KING'S MERCY, THE BALLAD OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 212

KING'S TASK, THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 152. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 227

KING, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 215

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL—VERSE
(A translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry.)
See: Five Nations, The, 79

KNIFE AND THE NAKED CHALK, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 111

KNIGHTHOOD, THE NEW—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 187

KNIGHTS OF THE JOYOUS VENTURE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 57

KOPJES, TWO—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 142

KRISHNA MULVANEY, THE INCARNATION OF—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 3

L

LADIES, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 316

LADY GERALDINE'S HARDSHIP—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 131

LADY OF THE SNOWS, OUR—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 72

LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 238

LAMP, SLAVES OF THE—PARTS I AND II
See: Stalky & Co., 36 and 225

LAND, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 59

LANDAU, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 127

LANG MEN O' LARUT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 264

LANGURS, THE DIRGE OF THE—VERSE
"The night we felt the earth would move"
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s.v. The Miracle of Purun Bhagat, 29

LA NUIT BLANCHE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 49

LAST CHANTEY, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The 190

LAST DEPARTMENT, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 36

LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS, THE VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 258

LAST SUTTEE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 207

LAST TERM, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 199

LAVELLE, THE LIFE OF XAVIER—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions. s.v. With the Night Mail, 144

"LAWFUL OCCASIONS, THEIR"—PARTS I AND II—SHORT STORIES
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 103

LAW OF THE JUNGLE, THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 24. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 117

LAW, THE TREASURE AND THE—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 235

LAW WHEREBY MY LADY MOVES, THE—VERSE
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XXI, 272. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books under the title "My Lady's Law," 211

LEAROYD'S STORY, PRIVATE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 15

LEGEND OF EVIL, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 271

LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, A—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 15

LEGEND OF MIRTH, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 298

L'ENVOI—VERSE
"There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield"
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 295

L'ENVOI—VERSE
"My new-cut ashlar takes the light"
See: Life's Handicap, 46

L'ENVOI—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 134

L'ENVOI—VERSE
"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried"
See: Seven Seas, The, 343

L'ENVOI—VERSE
"What is the moral? Who rides may read"
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 210

L'ENVOI—VERSE
"And they were stronger hands than mine"
See: Songs from Books, 216

LEOPARD, HOW THE—GOT HIS SPOTS—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 33

LESSON, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 195

LETTERS OF TRAVEL

Contents

From Tideway to Tideway
Letters to the Family
Egypt of the Magicians

LETTERS OF MARQUE
See: From Sea to Sea, Volume I, 3

LETTERS TO THE FAMILY
See: Letters of Travel 109

LETTING IN THE JUNGLE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 49

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN—VERSE
See: Stalky & Co. Dedication.

LIBRETTO OF NAULAHKA, SONGS FROM THE
See: Naulahka, The, at the beginning of Chapters V, VI, VIII, and XX.

LICHTENBERG—VERSE
(N. S. W. Contingent)
See: Five Nations, The, 151

LIEUTENANT GOLIGHTLY, THE ARREST OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 124

LIFE'S HANDICAP—SHORT STORIES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Bubbling Well Road
The City of Dreadful Night
Georgie Porgie
Naboth
The Dream of Duncan Parrenness
The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney
The Courting of Dinah Shadd
On Greenhow Hill
The Man Who Was
The Head of the District
Without Benefit of Clergy
At the End of the Passage
The Mutiny of the Mavericks
The Mark of the Beast
The Return of Imray
Namgay Doola
Moti-Guj—Mutineer
The Lang Men o' Larut
Bertran and Bimi
Reingelder and the German Flag
The Wandering Jew
Through the Fire
The Finances of the Gods
The Amir's Homily
Jews in Shushan
The Limitations of Pambé Serang
Little Tobrah
L'Envoi (*Verse*)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—NOVEL
As originally conceived by the author with the dedication poem: "Mother o' Mine"

LIMITATIONS OF PAMBÉ SERANG, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 308

"LINER SHE'S A LADY," THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 236

LISPETH—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 3

LITANY, THE LOVERS'—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 53

LITANY, THE WET—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 100

LITTLE BLIND FISH, THOU ART MARVELLOUS WISE—VERSE
The Charm of the Bisara
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s.v. The Bisara of Pooree, 236

LITTLE FOXES—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 213

LITTLE HUNTER, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 144

LITTLE PREP, A—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 146

LITTLE TOBRAH—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 314

LONDON, THE DECLARATION OF—VERSE
See: Years Between, the, 7

LONG TRAIL, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., s.v. L'Envoi, 295

LOOKING-GLASS, THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 49. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 174

LOOK, YOU HAVE CAST OUT LOVE!—VERSE
The Convert
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s.v. Lispeth, 3

LOOT—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 167

LORD ROBERTS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 24

LOST LEGION, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 244

LOST LEGION, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 167

"LOVE O' WOMEN"—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 238

LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL, THE—VERSE
See: "Beyond the Pale" in Plain Tales from the Hills, 158

LOVERS' LITANY, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 53

LUKANNON—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 117. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 159

LULLABY, A St. HELENA—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 171

LUNGTUNGPEN, THE TAKING OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 105

LYDEN'S "IRENIUS," FROM—DIALOGUE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 324

M

MACDONOUGH'S SONG—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 41

MADNESS OF PRIVATE ORTHERIS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 258

MAIL, THE OVERLAND—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 57

MAIN GUARD, WITH THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 51

MALTESE CAT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 231

MAMMA, POOR DEAR—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 107

MANDALAY—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 181

MAN GOES TO MAN! CRY THE CHALLENGE THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s.v. The Spring Running, 217

MAN WHO COULD WRITE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 30

MAN WHO WAS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 89

MAN WHO WOULD BE KING, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 183

MANY INVENTIONS—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
To the True Romance (*Verse*)
The Disturber of Traffic
A Conference of the Powers
My Lord the Elephant
One View of the Question
"The Finest Story in the World"
His Private Honour
And if Ye Doubt the Tale I Tell (*Verse*)
A Matter of Fact
The Lost Legion
In the Rukh
The Only Son (*Verse*)
"Brugglesmith"
"Love o' Women"
The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot
Judson and the Empire
The Children of the Zodiac
Envoy

MARE'S NEST, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 67

MARINES, THE HORSE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 273

MARKLAKE WITCHES—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 83

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 216

MARK TWAIN
See: American Notes

MARRED DRIVES OF WINDSOR, THE —VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 138, 145

MARY GLOSTER, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 277

"MARY, PITY WOMEN"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 338

MARY POSTGATE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 381

MARY'S SON—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 61

MASJID-AL-AQSA OF SAYYID AHMED (WAHABI), FROM THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 2

MASQUE OF PLENTY, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 61

MATTER OF FACT, A—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 150

MAVERICKS, THE MUTINY OF THE —SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 192

MAXIMS OF HAFIZ, CERTAIN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 101

MCANDREW'S HYMN—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 198

MEN'S SIDE, SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 135

"MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN, THE"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 310

MERCHANTMEN, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 194

MESOPOTAMIA—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 50

MILL DAM, BELOW THE—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 355

M. I. (MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE)—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 131

"MINDEN, THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 310

MINEPIT SHAW, THE BALLAD OF— VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 291

MIRACLE OF PURUN BHAGAT, THE— SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 27

MIRACLES, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 209

MIRTH, THE LEGEND OF—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 298

MISS YOUGHAL'S SAIS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 26

MITHRAS, A SONG TO—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 157. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 53

MOON OF OTHER DAYS, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 105

MORAL REFORMERS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 120

MORROWBIE JUKES, THE STRANGE RIDE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 154

MOTHER HIVE, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 77

MOTHER-LODGE, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 320

MOTHER O' MINE—VERSE
See: Light That Failed, The Dedication, The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 217

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 318

MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 131

MOWGLI'S BROTHERS—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 3

MOWGLI'S SONG—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 88 The same in Songs from Books

MOWGLI'S SONG AGAINST PEOPLE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second 85. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 220

MRS. BATHURST—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 327

MUHAMMAD DIN, THE STORY OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 268

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 238

MUNICIPAL—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 34

MUSE AMONG THE MOTORS
See: Parodies, 115

MUSKETEERS, THE THREE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 64

MUTINY OF THE MAVERICKS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 192

MY BOY BACK—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 47

MY GIRL SHE GIVE ME THE GO ONST—VERSE
See: Life's Handicap, 63

MY LADY'S LAW—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 211

MY LORD THE ELEPHANT—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 41

MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR TAKES THE LIGHT—VERSE
See: Life's Handicap, 364, s.v. L'Envoi. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 46

MY OWN TRUE GHOST STORY—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 143

MY RIVAL—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 41

"MY SON'S WIFE"—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 302

MY SUNDAY AT HOME—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 310

N

NABOTH—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 351

NAKED CHALK, THE KNIFE AND THE—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 111

NAMGAY DOOLA—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 249

NATIVE BORN, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 211

NATIVITY, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 40

NATURAL THEOLOGY—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 90

NAULAHKA, THE: A STORY OF WEST AND EAST
Written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier

RHYMED CHAPTER HEADINGS:

Ch. I.—There Was a Strife 'Twixt Man and Maid, 3
Ch. II.—Beware the Man Who's Crossed in Love, 9
Ch. IV—Your Patience, Sirs: the Devil Took Me Up, 36
Ch. V.—Now It Is Not Good For The Christian's Health to Hustle The Aryan Brown, 51

Ch. VI—In the State of Kot-Kumharsen, Where the Wild Dacoits Abound, 57
Ch. VII—There Is Pleasure in the Wet, Wet Clay, 75
Ch. VIII—When a Lover Hies Abroad, 83
Ch. IX—We Meet in An Evil Land, 92
Ch. X—Ye Know the Hundred Danger Time When Gay with Paint and Flowers, 112
Ch. XII—This I Saw when the Rites Were Done, 139
Ch. XIII—Beat Off in Our Last Fight Were We?, 156
Ch. XIV—Because I Sought It Far from Men, 179
Ch. XVII—Strangers Drawn from the Ends of the Earth, Jewelled and Plumed Were We, 206
Ch. XVIII—Now We Are Come to Our Kingdom, 226
Ch. XIX—We Be the Gods of the East, 245
Ch. XX—Our Little Maid That Hath No Breasts, 256
Ch. XXI—The Law Whereby My Lady Moves, 272

NECESSITARIAN, THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 170. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 153

NEOLITHIC AGE, IN THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 264

NEW KNIGHTHOOD, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 187. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 54

NIGHT MAIL, WITH THE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 103

NIGHT SONG IN THE JUNGLE—VERSE
"Now Chil, the Kite, brings home the night"
See: Jungle Book, The First, s.v. Mowgli's Brothers, 3

NOW CHIL, THE KITE, BRINGS HOME THE NIGHT—VERSES
See: Jungle Book, The First, s.v. Mowgli's Brothers, 3

NOW IT IS NOT GOOD FOR THE CHRISTIAN'S HEALTH TO HUSTLE THE ARYAN BROWN—VERSE
Solo from Libretto of Naulahka
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter V, 51

NOW WE ARE COME TO OUR KINGDOM—VERSE
King Anthony
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XVIII, 226

NUIT BLANCHE, LA—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 49

NURSING SISTER, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 213. The same verse reprinted in Naulahka, The, under the title "Queen's Song From Libretto of Naulahka," 253

O

OF ALL THE TRIBE OF TEGUMAI—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s.v. How the Alphabet Was Made, 141

OH! HUSH THEE, MY BABY, THE NIGHT IS BEHIND US—VERSE
Seal Lullaby
See: Jungle Book, The First, s.v. The White Seal, 93

OLDEST SONG, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 89

OLD GUARD, SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 234

OLD ISSUE, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 88

OLD MEN, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 41

OLD MEN AT PEVENSEY—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 85

OLD MOTHER LAIDINWOOL—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 27

OLD SONG, AN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 98

OMAR KAL'YIN, THE RUBAIYAT OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 45

ONE MOMENT PAST OUR BODIES CAST—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s.v. Letting in the Jungle, 61

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 113

ONE VIEW OF THE QUESTION—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 66

ONLY A SUBALTERN—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 91

ONLY SON, THE—VERSE
The Only Son lay down again and dreamed that he dreamed a dream
See: Many Inventions, 123. The Rukh. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 213

ON THE CITY WALL—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 297

ON THE GREAT WALL—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 137

ON THE STRENGTH OF A LIKENESS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 273

.007—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 209

OONTS!—VERSE
(Northern India Transport Train)
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 164

OP. 3—VERSE
There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VII, 75

OP. 15—VERSE
"Give the man who is not made"
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter XI, 241

ORTHERIS, THE MADNESS OF PRIVATE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 258

OTHER MAN, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 36

OTIS YEERE, THE EDUCATION OF—PARTS I AND II—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 3

"OUR FATHERS ALSO"—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 352. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 81

"OUR FATHERS OF OLD"—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 261. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 123

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 72

OUR LITTLE MAID THAT HATH NO BREASTS—VERSE
Queen's Song from Libretto of Naulahka
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XX, 253

OUTLAWS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 20

OUTSONG, THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 243

OVERLAND MAIL, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 57

OVER THE EDGE OF THE PURPLE DOWN—VERSE
See: Day's Work, The, The Brushwood Boy, 358

P

PAGETT, M. P.—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 47

PALACE, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 56

PALE, BEYOND THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 155

PALMS, THE—VERSE
And if ye doubt the tale I tell
See: Many Inventions, A Matter of Fact, 150

PAMBÉ SERANG, THE LIMITATIONS OF —SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 308

PARADE-SONG OF THE CAMP ANIMALS —VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 193 the same reprinted in Songs from Books, 136

PARODIES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Carmen Circulare
The Advertisement
The Justice's Tale
To a Lady, Persuading Her to a Car
The Progress of the Spark (XVIth Circuit)
The Braggart
When the Journey Was Intended to the City
To Motorists
The Tour
The Idiot Boy
The Landau
Contradictions
Fastness
The Beginner
Lady Geraldine's Hardship
The Bother
The Dying Chauffeur
The Inventor
The Song of the Motor
The Marred Drives of Windsor

PARTING OF THE COLUMNS, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 139

PARTY, THE WIDOW'S—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 186

PEACE OF DIVES, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 112

PEVENSEY, OLD MEN AT—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 85

PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 113

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 69

PHILADELPHIA—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 139

PICT SONG, A—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 181. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 90

PIET—VERSE
(Regular of the Line)
See: Five Nations, The, 157

PIG—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 201

PILGRIM'S WAY, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 86

PINK DOMINOES—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 32

PIT'S MOUTH, AT THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 31

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS—SHORT STORIES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Lispeth
Three and—an Extra
And Some Are Sulky, and Some Will Plunge (*Verse*)
Thrown Away
Miss Youghal's Sais
"Yoked with an Unbeliever"
False Dawn
The Rescue of Pluffles
Cupid's Arrows
The Three Musketeers
His Chance in Life
Watches of the Night
The Other Man
Consequences
The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin
The Taking of Lungtungpen
A Germ-Destroyer
Kidnapped
The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly
In the House of Suddhoo
His Wedded Wife
The Broken-link Handicap
Beyond the Pale
In Error
A Bank Fraud
Tod's Amendment

The Daughter of the Regiment
In the Pride of His Youth
Pig
It Was Not in the Open Fight (*Verse*)
The Rout of the White Hussars
The Bronekhorst Divorce-Case
And the Years Went on as the Years Must Do (*Verse*)
Venus Anno Domini
Little Blind Fish, Thou Art Marvellous Wise (*Verse*)
The Bisara of Pooree
A Friend's Friend
The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows
The Madness of Private Ortheris
The Story of Muhammad Din
On the Strength of a Likeness
Wressley of the Foreign Office
By Word of Mouth
To Be Filed for Reference

PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS, THE —VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 85

PLENTY, THE MASQUE OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 61

PLUFFLES, THE RESCUE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 51

POOR DEAR MAMMA—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 107

POOREE, THE BISARA OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 236

"POOR HONEST MEN"—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 203. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 100

POSEIDON'S LAW—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 36. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 240

POSSIBILITIES—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 73

POST THAT FITTED, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 19

POWER OF THE DOG, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 73. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 164

POWERS, A CONFERENCE OF THE— SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 23

PRAIRIE, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 33

PRAYER OF MIRIAM COHEN, THE —VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 189. The same verse reprinted in the story "Disturber of Traffic, The," in Many Inventions, 3

PRELUDE—VERSE
"I have eaten your bread and salt"
See: Departmental Ditties, 6

PRESS, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 195

PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH, IN THE— SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 193

"PRIEST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, A"— SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 169

PRIVATE COPPER, THE COMPREHENSION OF—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 155

PRIVATE HONOUR, HIS—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 126

PRIVATE LEAROYD'S STORY—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 15

PRIVATE ORTHERIS, THE MADNESS OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 258

PRO-CONSULS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 66

PRODIGAL SON, THE—VERSE
"Here come I to my own again"
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter V, 101. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 150

PROPHETS AT HOME—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 108. The same verse reprinted in Puck of Pook's Hill, 185

PROGRESS OF THE SPARK, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 121

PROPHETS HAVE HONOUR ALL OVER THE EARTH—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 185

PUBLIC WASTE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 24

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)

Puck's Song (*Verse*)
Weland's Sword
A Tree Song (*Verse*)
Young Men at the Manor
Sir Richard's Song (*Verse*)
Harp Song of the Dane Women (*Verse*)
The Knights of the Joyous Venture
Thorkild's Song (*Verse*)
Old Men at Pevensey
The Runes on Weland's Sword (*Verse*)
A Centurion of the Thirtieth
A British-Roman Song (*Verse*)
On the Great Wall
A Song to Mithras (*Verse*)
The Winged Hats
A Pict Song (*Verse*)
Prophets at Home
Hal o' the Draft
A Smuggler's Song (*Verse*)
The Bee Boy's Song (*Verse*)
"Dymchurch Flit"
A Three-Part Song (*Verse*)
Song of the Fifth River (*Verse*)
The Treasure and the Law
The Children's Song (*Verse*)

PUCK'S SONG—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 3. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 8

PURUN BHAGAT, THE MIRACLE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 27

PUSSY CAN SIT BY THE FIRE AND SING—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s.v. The Cat That Walked by Himself, 183

PUZZLER, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 191

PUZZLER, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 209. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 69

Q

QUEEN'S MEN, The—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 176. The same verse reprinted in Rewards and Fairies under the title "Two Cousins, The," 29

QUEEN'S SONG FROM LIBRETTO OF NAULAHKA—VERSE
Our little maid that hath no breasts
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XX, 253. The same verse reprinted under the title "Nursing Sister, The," in Songs from Books, 213

QUESTION, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 26

QUIQUERN—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 147

R

RABBI'S SONG, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 279. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 166

REBIRTH—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 271

RECALL, THE—VERSE
See: Actions and Reactions, 47. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 4

RECANTATION, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 44

RECESSIONAL—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 168

RECORD OF BADALIA HERODSFOOT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 268

RED DOG—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 181

RED WAR-BOAT, SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 231

REFERENCE, TO BE FILED FOR—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 293

REFORMERS, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 102

REFORMERS, THE MORAL—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 120

REGULUS—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 217

REINGELDER AND THE GERMAN FLAG—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 277

RESCRIPT, AN IMPERIAL—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 284

RESCUE OF PLUFFLES, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 51

RETURN OF IMRAY, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 233

RETURN OF THE CHILDREN, THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 290. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 170

RETURN, THE—VERSE
(All Arms)
See: Five Nations, The, 165

REWARDS AND FAIRIES—SHORT STORIES AND VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
A Charm (*Verse*)
Introduction
Cold Iron
Cold Iron (*Verse*)
The Two Cousins (*Verse*)
Gloriana
The Looking-Glass (*Verse*)
A Truthful Song—Parts I and II (*Verse*)
The Wrong Thing
King Henry VII and the Shipwrights (*Verse*)
The Way Through the Woods (*Verse*)
Marklake Witches
Brookland Road (*Verse*)
The Run of the Downs (*Verse*)
The Knife and the Naked Chalk
Song of the Men's Side (*Verse*)
Philadelphia (*Verse*)
Brother Square-toes
If—(*Verse*)
A St. Helena Lullaby (*Verse*)
"A Priest in Spite of Himself"
"Poor Honest Men" (*Verse*)
Eddi's Service (*Verse*)
The Conversion of St. Wilfred
Song of the Red War-Boat (*Verse*)
An Astrologer's Song (*Verse*)
A Doctor of Medicine
"Our Fathers of Old" (*Verse*)
The Thousandth Man (*Verse*)
Simple Simon
Frankie's Trade (*Verse*)
The Ballad of Minepit Shaw (*Verse*)
The Tree of Justice
A Carol (*Verse*)

RHINOCEROS, HOW THE—GOT HIS SKIN—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 22

RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 240

RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 217

RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS, THE LAST—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 258

"RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI"—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 121

"RIMINI"—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 98

RIMMON—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 85

RIPPLE SONG, A—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 117. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 208

RIVAL, MY—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc.

ROAD-SONG OF THE BANDAR-LOG—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, the First, 62. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 79

ROLL DOWN TO RIO—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s.v. Beginning of the Armadillos, 101

ROMANCE, TO THE TRUE—VERSE
See: Many Inventions Preface. The same reprinted in Seven Seas, 251

ROMULUS AND REMUS—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 222

ROSES RED AND ROSES WHITE—VERSE
Blue Roses
See: The Light That Failed. Heading for Chapter VII, 88

ROUTE-MARCHIN'—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 193

ROUT OF THE WHITE HUSSARS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 210

ROWERS, THE—VERSE
See: The Five Nations, 77. The same in The Years Between, 3

RUKH, IN THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 183

RUNES ON WELAND'S SWORD, THE—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 109

RUNNERS, THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 72

RUNNING OF SHINDAND, THE—VERSE
There's a convict more in the Central Jail
See: Life's Handicap, s.v. The Head of the District, 107

RUN OF THE DOWNS, THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 113. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 12

RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 45

RUSSIA TO THE PACIFISTS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 34

S

ST. HELENA LULLABY, A—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 171. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 63

ST. WILFRED, THE CONVERSION OF—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 207

SACK OF THE GODS, THE—VERSE
Strangers drawn from the ends of the earth, jewelled and plumed were we
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XVII, 206. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 15

SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 253

SAHIB'S WAR, A—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 75

SAPPERS—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 305

SAYYID AHMED (WAHABI), FROM THE MASJID-AL-AQSA OF—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 2

SCHOOL SONG, A—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 114. The same verse reprinted in Stalky & Co., as a Dedication

SCINDIA TO DELHI, WITH—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 222

SCREW-GUNS—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 156

SEA AND THE HILLS, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 5

SEAL LULLABY—VERSE
"Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us"
See: Jungle Book, The First, s.v. The White Seal, 93

SEAL, THE WHITE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 93

SEA-WIFE, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, the, 247

SECOND-RATE WOMAN, A—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 67

SECOND VOYAGE, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 19

SEEONEE PACK, HUNTING-SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 28

SENDING OF DANA DA, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 284

SEPTEMBER, IN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 133

SERGEANT'S WEDDIN', THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 325

"SERVANT WHEN HE REIGNETH, A"—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 120

SERVICE SONGS—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 125

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 288

SETTLER, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 120

SEVEN SEAS, THE—VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)

Dedication to the City of Bombay
A Song of the English
The First Chantey
The Last Chantey
The Merchantmen
McAndrew's Hymn
The Miracles
The Native-Born
The King
The Rhyme of the Three Sealers
The Derelict
The Answer
The Song of the Banjo
"The Liner She's a Lady"
Mulholland's Contract
Anchor Song
The Lost Legion
The Sea-Wife
Hymn Before Action
To the True Romance
The Flowers
The Last Rhyme of True Thomas
The Neolithic Age
The Story of Ung
The Three-Decker
An American
The Mary Gloster
Sestina of the Tramp-Royal

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Bobs
"Back to the Army Again"
"Birds of Prey" March
"Soldier an' Sailor Too"
Sappers
That Day
"The Men That Fought at Minden"
Cholera Camp
The Ladies
Bill 'Awkins
The Mother-Lodge
"Follow Me 'Ome"
The Sergeant's Weddin'
The Jacket
The 'Eathen
The Shut-Eye Sentry
"Mary Pity Women!"
For to Admire
L'Envoi

SHILLIN' A DAY—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 196

SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 72

SHIPWRIGHTS, KING HENRY VII AND THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 79

SHIV AND THE GRASSHOPPER—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, 169
The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 50

SHUSHAN, JEWS in—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 303

SHUT-EYE SENTRY, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 335

SIMLA DANCERS, THE PLEA OF THE —VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 85

SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 77. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 185

SIMPLE SIMON—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 263

SIR RICHARD'S SONG—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 51. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 21

SLAVES OF THE LAMP. PARTS I AND II —SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 36, 225

SMUGGLER'S SONG, A—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 205. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 245

"SNARLEYOW"—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 170

"SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO"—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 302

SOLDIER, SOLDIER—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 154

SOLDIERS THREE, THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS," IN BLACK AND WHITE—SHORT STORIES AND DIALOGUES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
The God from the Machine
Private Learoyd's Story
The Big Drunk Draf'
The Solid Muldoon
With the Main Guard
In the Matter of a Private
Black Jack

THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS"

Poor Dear Mamma (*Dialogue*)
The World Without (*Dialogue*)
The Tents of Kedar (*Dialogue*)
With Any Amazement (*Dialogue*)
The Garden of Eden (*Dialogue*)
Fatima (*Dialogue*)
The Valley of the Shadow (*Dialogue*
The Swelling of Jordan (*Dialogue*)
L'Envoi (*Verse*)

IN BLACK AND WHITE

Dray Wara Yow Dee
The Judgment of Dungara
At Hawli Thana
Gemini
At Twenty-Two
In Flood Time
The Sending of Dana Da
On the City Wall

SEVEN WATCHMEN, TO THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The Dedication

SOLID MULDOON, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 39

SOLO FROM LIBRETTO OF NAULAHKA —VERSE
Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter V, 51

SOMETHING I OWE TO THE SOIL THAT GREW—VERSE
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter VIII, 170

SONG—VERSE
We be the Gods of the East
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIX, 245

SONG AGAINST PEOPLE, MOWGLI'S —VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 85

SONG AT COCK-CROW, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 93

SONG FROM LIBRETTO OF NAULAHKA —VERSE
In the State of Kot-Kumharsen, where the wild dacoits abound
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VI, 57

SONG IN STORM, A—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 18

SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 24

SONG OF KABIR, A—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 47. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 152

SONG OF THE BANJO, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 232

SONG OF SEVEN CITIES, THE—VERSE
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 367

SONG OF THE CITIES THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s.v. A Song of the English, 183

SONG OF THE DEAD, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s.v. A Song of the English, 179

SONG OF THE ENGLISH, A—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 176

SONG OF THE FIFTH RIVER—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 231. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 131

SONG OF THE LATHES, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 62

SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER, THE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 144
The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 190

SONG OF THE MEN'S SIDE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 135. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 271

SONG OF THE MOTOR, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 137

SONG OF THE OLD GUARD—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 234

SONG OF THE RED WAR-BOAT—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 231. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 203

SONG OF THE SONS, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s.v. A Song of the English, 182

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 62

SONG OF THE WOMEN, A—VERSE
Ye know the Hundred Danger Time when gay with paint and flowers
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter X, 112

SONG OF THE WOMEN, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 77

SONG OF TRAVEL, A—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 156

SONGS FROM BOOKS—VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Cities and Thrones and Powers
The Recall
The Centurion's Song
Puck's Song
The Way Through the Woods
A Three-Part Song
The Run of the Downs
Brookland Road
The Sack of the Gods
The Kingdom
Tarrant Moss
William the Conqueror's Song
Sir Richard's Song
The Norman Baron
A Tree Song
Old Mother Laidinwool
Cuckoo Song
A Charm
The Prairie
Chapter Headings (Plain Tales from the Hills)
Cold Iron
Morning Song in the Jungle
A Carol
My New-Cut Ashlar
Eddi's Service
Shiv and the Grasshopper
The Fairies' Siege
A Song of Mithras
The New Knighthood
Harp Song of the Dane Women
The Thousandth Man
The Winners
Brown Bess
A St. Helena Lullaby
Chil's Song
The Captive
The Puzzler
The Reeds of Runnymede
Hadramauti
Gallio's Song

The Bees and the Flies
Road Song of the Bandar Log
Our Fathers Also
Chapter Headings (The Naulahka)
Chapter Headings (The Light That Failed)
A British-Roman Song
A Pict Song
The Pict's Work
Dane-Geld
The Stranger
Rimini
Poor Honest Men
The Boats of Newhaven
When the Great Ark
The Song of Valley Forge
Prophets at Home
The Dutch in the Medway
Jubal and Tubal Cain
The Voortrekker
A School Song
The Law of the Jungle
A Servant When He Reigneth
My Father's Chair
Our Fathers of Old
Before Edgehill
The Heritage
The River's Tale
Song of the Fifth River
The Children's Song
Parade-Song of the Camp Animals
Chapter Headings (Beast and Man in India)
Chapter Headings (Life's Handicap)
Chapter Headings (Many Inventions)
If—(Kim)
Outsong in the Jungle
The Prodigal Son
A Song of Kabir
The Necessitarian
The Jester
A Song of Travel
The Two-Sided Man
Lukannon
An Astrologer's Song
The Power of the Dog
The Rabbi's Song
The Bee Boy's Song
The Return of the Children
Merrow Down
The Looking-Glass
The Queen's Men
The Bells and the Queen, 1911
The City of Sleep
The Widower
Chapter Headings (Just So Stories)
The Prayer of Miriam Cohen
The Song of the Little Hunter
Gow's Watch
The Wishing Caps
By the Hoof of the Wild Goat
The Dawn Wind
Song of the Red War-boat
Hunting-Song of the Seeonee Pack
Blue Roses
A Ripple Song
Psyche and the Children
My Lady's Law
The Nursing Sister
The Love Song of Har Dyal
A Dedication
Mother O' Mine
The Only Son
Mowgli's Song Against People
Romulus and Remus
The Egg-shell
The King and the Children
The King's Task
Together
Chapter Headings (The Jungle Books)
Poseidon's Law
A Truthful Song
A Smuggler's Song
King Henry VII and the Shipwrights
The Song of the Machines
The Wet Litany
Big Steamers
The Ballad of Minepit Shaw
Heriot's Ford
Frankie's Trade
With Drake in the Tropics
The Juggler's Song
Thorkild's Song
Angutivaun Tina
Song of the Men's Side
Darzee's Chaunt
The Four Angels
The Glory of the Garden
The Prayer

SONG, THE OLDEST—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 89

SONG TO MITHRAS, A—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 157. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 53

SONS OF MARTHA, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 58

SONS, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. A Song of the English, 182

SOUTH AFRICA—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 117

SPIES' MARCH, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 54

SPRING RUNNING, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 215, The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 237

SPRING TIME, IN—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 127

SQUARE-TOES, BROTHER—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 137

STALKY & CO.—SHORT STORIES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
Dedication (*Verse*)
In Ambush
Slaves of the Lamp, Part I
An Unsavory Interlude
The Impressionists
The Moral Reformers
A Little Prep
The Flag of Their Country
The Last Term
Slaves of the Lamp, Part II

STEAM TACTICS—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 173

STELLENBOSH—VERSE
(Composite Columns)
See: Five Nations, The, 153

STOCKYARD CHORUS, TOOLUNGALA—VERSE
And some are sulky, while some will plunge
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Thrown Away, 15

STORY OF MUHAMMAD DIN, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 268

STORY OF THE GADSBYS
See: Soldiers Three, 107

STORY OF UNG, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 267

STORY OF URIAH, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 17

STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 154

STRANGERS DRAWN FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, JEWELLED AND PLUMED WERE WE—VERSE
The Sack of the Gods
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XVII, 206

STRANGERS, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 96

STRENGTH OF A LIKENESS, ON THE——SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 273

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN INK—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 11

SUBALTERN, ONLY A—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 91

SUDDHOO, IN THE HOUSE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 131

SUNDAY AT HOME, MY—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 310

SURGEON, THE HOUSE—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, 245

SUSSEX—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 58

SUTTEE, THE LAST—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 207

SWELLING OF JORDAN, THE—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 197

"SWEPT AND GARNISHED"—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 370

T

TAKING OF LUNGTUNGPEN, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 105

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 124

TARRANT MOSS—VERSE
See: Songs from Books. The same verse reprinted in Plain Tales from the Hills, 18

T. A.—THOMAS ATKINS—VERSE
Dedication poem to Barrack-Room Ballads
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 144

TENTS OF KEDAR, THE—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 132

THAT DAY—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 308

THE CAMEL'S HUMP IS AN UGLY LUMP—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. How the Camel Got His Hump, 25

"THEIR LAWFUL OCCASIONS"—PARTS I, II—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 103

THE NIGHT WE FELT THE EARTH WOULD MOVE—VERSE
Dirge of the Langurs
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s. v. The Miracle of Purun Bhagat, 29

THEOLOGY, NATURAL—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 90

THE ONLY SON LAY DOWN AGAIN AND DREAMED THAT HE DREAMED A DREAM—VERSE
The Only Son
See: Many Inventions, s. v. In the Rukh, 183

THE PEOPLE OF EASTERN ICE, THEY ARE MELTING LIKE THE SNOWS—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s. v. Quiquern, 149

THERE CAME TO THE BEACH A POOR EXILE OF ERIN—VERSE
American Song
See: Life's Handicap, s. v. Namgay Doola, 249

THERE IS A CRACK PACKET—CRACK PACKET O' FAME—VERSE
See: Captains Courageous. Chapter IV, 67

THERE IS PLEASURE IN THE WET, WET CLAY—VERSE
Op. 3
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VII, 75. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 85

THERE RUNS A ROAD BY MERROW DOWN—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. How the First Letter Was Written, 119

THERE'S A CONVICT MORE IN THE CENTRAL JAIL—VERSE
The Running of Shindand
See: Life's Handicap, s. v. The Head of the District, 107

THERE'S A WHISPER DOWN THE FIELD WHERE THE YEAR HAS SHOT HER YIELD—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, L'Envoi, s. v. The Long Trail, 295

THERE WAS A STRIFE 'TWIXT MAN AND MAID—VERSE
Auchinleck's Ride
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter I, 3. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 85

THERE WAS NEVER A QUEEN LIKE BALKIS—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. The Butterfly That Stamped, 203

THE SKY IS LEAD AND OUR FACES ARE RED—VERSE
Himalayan
See: Life's Handicap, s. v. At the End of the Passage, 165

THE STREAM IS SHRUNK—THE POOL IS DRY—VERSE
Dedication
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 3

THE WIND WENT DOWN WITH THE SUNSET—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, s. v. Their Lawful Occasions, Part II, 124

"THEY"—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 293

THINGS AND THE MAN—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 71

THIS I SAW WHEN THE RITES WERE DONE—VERSE
In Seonee
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XII, 139. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 83

THIS IS THE MOUTH-FILLING SONG—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. The Sing Song of Old Man Kangaroo, 83

THIS UNINHABITED ISLAND—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin, 37

THOMAS ATKINS, TO—VERSE
Dedication Poem to Barrack-Room Ballads
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 144

THORKILD'S SONG—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 81. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 267

THOUSANDTH MAN, THE—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 265. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 58

THREE AND—AN EXTRA—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 10

THREE CAPTAINS, THE RHYME OF THE —VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 240

THREE-DECKER, THE—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 271

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 64

THREE-PART SONG, A—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 227. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 11

THREE SEALERS, THE RHYME OF THE —VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 217

THROUGH THE FIRE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 286

THROWN AWAY—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 15 The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 36

"TIGER! TIGER!"—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 67. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 235

TO BE FILED FOR REFERENCE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 293

TOBRAH, LITTLE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 314

TOD'S AMENDMENT—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 178
See: Songs from Books, 37

TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 94

TOMLINSON—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 287

TOMMY—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 148

TO MOTORISTS—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 124

TOOLUNGALA STOCKYARD CHORUS——VERSE
And some are sulky, while some will plunge
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, s. v. Thrown Away, 15

TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 145.
See: Songs from Books, 238

TO A LADY. PERSUADING HER TO A CAR—VERSE
See: Parodies, 120

To the True Romance—Verse
See: Dedication poem to Many Inventions. The same verse reprinted in The Seven Seas, 251

To the Unknown Goddess—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 43

To Thomas Atkins—Verse
Dedication poem to Barrack-Room Ballads
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 144

Tour, The—Verse
See: Years Between, The, 125

Traffics and Discoveries—Short Stories and Verse

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)

From the Masjid-al-Aqsa of Sayyid Ahmed (Wahabi) (*Verse*)
The Captive
Poseidon's Law (*Verse*)
The Bonds of Discipline
The Runners (*Verse*)
A Sahib's War
The Wet Litany (*Verse*)
"Their Lawful Occasions"—Part I
"Their Lawful Occasions"—Part II
The King's Task (*Verse*)
The Comprehension of Private Copper
The Necessitarian (*Verse*)
Steam Tactics
Kaspar's Song in "Varda" (*Verse*)
"Wireless"
Song of the Old Guard (*Verse*)
The Army of a Dream—Part I
The Army of a Dream—Part II
The Return of the Children (*Verse*)
"They"
From Lyden's "Irenius" (*Verse*)
Mrs. Bathurst
"Our Fathers Also" (*Verse*)
Below the Mill Dam

Traffic, The Disturber of—Short Story
See: Many Inventions, 3

Trail, The Long—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc. s. v. L'Envoi, 295

Tramp-Royal, Sestina of the—Verse
See: Seven Seas, The, 288

Translation, A—Verse
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 246

Treasure and the Law, The—Short Story
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 235

Tree of Justice, The—Short Story
See: Rewards and Fairies, 289

Tree Song, A—Verse
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 27. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 25

Troopin'—Verse
(Our Army in the East)
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 184

Truce of the Bear, The—Verse
See: Five Nations, The, 37

True Romance, To the—Verse
See: Many Inventions, dedications. Reprinted in Seven Seas, 251

True Thomas, The Last Rhyme of —Verse
See: Seven Seas, The, 258

Truthful Song, A—Verse
See: Rewards and Fairies, 53. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 242

Twenty-Two, At—Short Story
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 257

Two Cities, A Tale of—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 124

Two Cousins, The—Verse
See: Rewards and Fairies, 29. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books under the title "Queen's Men, The," 176

Two Kopjes—Verse
See: Five Nations, The, 142

Two Months (in June)—Verse
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 132

TWO MONTHS (IN SEPTEMBER)—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 133

TWO-SIDED MAN, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 158. The same verse reprinted in Kim, 170

U

UBIQUE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 163

ULSTER—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 9

UNDERTAKER'S HORSE, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 111

UNDERTAKERS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The Second, 87. The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 239

UNG, THE STORY OF—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, 267

UNKNOWN GODDESS, TO THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 43

UNSAVORY INTERLUDE, AN—SHORT STORY
See: Stalky & Co., 60

URIAH, THE STORY OF—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 17

V

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW, THE—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 185

"VARDA," KASPAR'S SONG IN—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 206

VEIL THEM, COVER THEM, WALL THEM ROUND—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The Second, s. v. Letting in the Jungle, 51

VENUS ANNO DOMINI—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 230

VERDICTS, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 48

VETERAN, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 6

VILLAGE THAT VOTED THE EARTH WAS FLAT, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 147

VIRGINITY, THE—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 84

VOORTREKKER, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 113

VORTEX, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 347

VOYAGE, THE SECOND—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 19

W

WAGE-SLAVES, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 50

WALKING DELEGATE, A—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 45

WANDERING JEW, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 281

WAR-BOAT, SONG OF THE RED—VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 231

WAR, THE HOLY—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 30

WAR, THE HONOURS OF—SHORT STORY
See: Diversity of Creatures, A, 97

WASTE, PUBLIC—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 24

WATCHES OF THE NIGHT—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 79

WATERVAL, HALF-BALLAD OF—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 155

WAYSIDE COMEDY, A—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 39

WAY THROUGH THE WOODS, THE —VERSE
See: Rewards and Fairies, 85. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 10

WE BE THE GODS OF THE EAST—VERSE
Song
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter XIX, 245

WEDDED WIFE, HIS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 141

WEE WILLIE WINKIE—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 233

WEE WILLIE WINKIE—SHORT STORIES

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)

UNDER THE DEODARS

The Education of Otis Yeere. Parts I, II
At the Pit's Mouth
A Wayside Comedy
The Hill of Illusion (*Dialogue*)
A Second-rate Woman
Only a Subaltern

THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW

The Phantom 'Rickshaw
My Own True Ghost Story
The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes
The Man Who Would Be King

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep
His Majesty the King
The Drums of the Fore and Aft

WELAND'S SWORD—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 5

WELAND'S SWORD, THE RUNES ON—VERSE
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 109

WE MEET IN AN EVIL LAND—VERSE
In Shadowland
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter IX, 92. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 83

WET LITANY, THE—VERSE
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 100. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 252

WHALE, HOW THE, GOT HIS THROAT —SHORT STORY
See: Just So Stories, 3

WHAT HAPPENED—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 27

WHAT IS THE MORAL? WHO RIDES MAY READ—VERSE
See: Story of the Gadsbys in Soldiers Three, s. v. L'Envoi, 210

WHAT OF THE HUNTING, HUNTER BOLD?—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, s. v. Tiger! Tiger!, 67

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 109

WHEN A LOVER HIES ABROAD—VERSE
Chorus from Libretto of Naulahka
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter VIII, 83. The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 85

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED—VERSE
See: Seven Seas, The, s. v. L'Envoi, 343

WHEN THE CABIN PORT-HOLES ARE DARK AND GREEN—VERSE
See: Just So Stories, s. v. How the Whale Got His Throat, 13

"WHEN THE GREAT ARK"—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 105

"WHEN THE JOURNEY WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY"—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 123

WHITE HORSES—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 16

WHITE HUSSARS, THE ROUT OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 210

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 66

WHITE SEAL, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Jungle Book, The First, 93.
The same reprinted in Songs from Books, 237

WHO HATH DESIRED THE SEA—THE JOYFULNESS AND CONTEMPTUOUS SUBJECT? —VERSE
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter XIII, 299

WHO HATH DESIRED THE SEA—THE SIGHT OF SALT WATER UNBOUNDED? —VERSE
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter XII, 269

WIDOW AT WINDSOR, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 173

WIDOWER, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 121

WIDOW'S PARTY, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 186

"WILFUL-MISSING"—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 161

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—SHORT STORY
See: Day's Work, The, 166

WINDSOR, THE WIDOW AT—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 173

WINGED HATS, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 161

WINNERS, THE—VERSE
See: Songs from Books, 60

"WIRELESS"—SHORT STORY
See: Traffics and Discoveries, 207

WISE CHILDREN, SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 62

WISHING CAPS, THE—VERSE
"Good Luck, she is never a lady"
See: Kim, beginning of Chapter IV, 77.
The same verse reprinted in Songs from Books, 198

WITCHES, MARKLAKE—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 63

WITH ANY AMAZEMENT—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 145

WITH MIRTH, THOU PRETTY BIRD, REJOICE
See: Actions and Reactions, s. v. The House Surgeon, 276

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY—SHORT STORY
See: Life's Handicap, 135

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 222

WITH THE MAIN GUARD—SHORT STORY
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 51

WITH THE NIGHT MAIL—SHORT STORY
A Story of 2,000 A. D. (Together with extracts from the magazine in which it appeared,

Extracts
Aerial Board of Control
Notes
Correspondence
Review: Life of Xavier Laverlle,
Advertisements
See: Actions and Reactions, 103

WOMEN, A SONG OF THE—VERSE
Ye Know the Hundred Danger Time
When Gay with Paint and Flowers
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter X, 112

"WOMEN, LOVE O'"—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 238

WOMEN, THE SONG OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 77

WORD OF MOUTH, BY—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 287

WORKSHOPS, THE CONUNDRUM OF THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 268

WORLD WITHOUT, THE—DIALOGUE (IN THE "STORY OF THE GADSBYS")
See: Soldiers Three, etc., 120

WRESSLEY OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 280

WRONG THING, THE—SHORT STORY
See: Rewards and Fairies, 51

X

XAVIER LAVELLE, THE LIFE OF—SHORT STORY
See: Actions and Reactions, s. v. With the Night Mail, 144

Y

YEARS BETWEEN, THE—VERSE

Contents

(*For page numbers see separate titles.*)
To the Seven Watchmen
The Rowers
The Veterans
The Declaration of London
Ulster
The Covenant
France
"For All We Have and Are"
A Song in Storm
The Outlaws
Zion
Lord Roberts
The Question
The Choice
The Holy War
The Houses
Russia to the Pacifists
The Irish Guards
A Nativity
En-Dor
A Recantation
My Boy Jack
The Verdicts
Mesopotamia
The Hyænas
The Spies' March
The Sons of Martha
Mary's Son
The Song of the Lathes
Gethsemane
The Pro-Consuls
The Craftsman
Things and the Man
The Benefactors
The Dead King
A Death-Bed
Gehazi
The Virginity
A Pilgrim's Way
The Oldest Song
Natural Theology
A Song at Cock-Crow
The Female of the Species
Epitaphs
"The City of Brass"
Justice

THE MUSE AMONG THE MOTORS
Carmen Circulare
The Advertisement
The Justice's Tale
To a Lady, Persuading Her to a Car
The Progress of the Spark (XVIth Circuit)
The Braggart
When the Journey Was Intended to the City
To Motorists
The Tour
The Idiot Boy
The Landau
Contradictions
Fastness
The Beginner
Lady Geraldine's Hardship
The Bother
The Dying Chauffeur
The Inventor
The Song of the Motor
The Marred Drives of Windsor

YEERE, THE EDUCATION OF OTIS—PARTS I AND II—SHORT STORY
See: Wee Willie Winkie, 3

YE KNOW THE HUNDRED DANGER TIME WHEN GAY WITH PAINT AND FLOWERS
A Song of the Women
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter X, 112

"YOKED WITH AN UNBELIEVER"—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 34

YOU CAN WORK IT OUT BY FRACTIONS OR BY SIMPLE RULE OF THREE—VERSE
See: Jungle Book, The First, s. v. Her Majesty's Servants, 173

YOUGHAL'S SAIS, MISS—SHORT STORY
See: Plain Tales from the Hills, 26

YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER, THE—VERSE
See: Departmental Ditties, etc., 178

YOUNG MEN, THE FEET OF THE—VERSE
See: Five Nations, The, 32

YOUNG MEN AT THE MANOR—SHORT STORY
See: Puck of Pook's Hill, 31

YOUNG QUEEN, THE—VERSE
(The commonwealth of Australia, inaugurated New Year's Day, 1901)
See: Five Nations, The, 82

YOUR PATIENCE, SIRS; THE DEVIL TOOK ME UP—VERSE
The Grand Master's Defence
See: Naulahka, The. Heading for Chapter IV, 36

Z

ZION—VERSE
See: Years Between, The, 22

ZODIAC, THE CHILDREN OF THE—SHORT STORY
See: Many Inventions, 329